THE COLUMBIAN PHENIX, AND BOSTON REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1800.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

THE HERMIT OF VIRGINIA. No. II.

Dear Alwyn;

NOTHING except the promiſe I made you, when we parted; the love I bear you, and a deſire for your correſpondence, could have ever again called my pen into action, or induced me to diſcover my retreat: A retreat, in which I can now reſt ſecure from the various evils which tempeſt human life; for as I know nothing of the tranſactions of men, ſo I am delivered from the perplexities attendant upon ſuch knowledge.

Did you but know my motives, I believe you would applaud my conduct in retiring from the world. What had I to do with the world, when I could diſcover nothing therein, but what gave me the higheſt diſguſt? And who would not be diſpoſed to leave that with which they muſt always be at war?

ALWYN! do you remember the pleaſures of our childhood? To me, that period has returned; the myſterious ſimplicities of ever varying nature, are ſufficient for all the deſires which I now poſſeſs; I liſten with more exquiſite delight to the ſong of the graſshopper than I ever did to the muſic of a birth-night ball-room; you will treat this as a chimerical idea;—the effuſion of a wildered imagination; or of a world ſick fancy: whatever it may be, the principles which actuate you, and every other perſon, are

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more romantic than mine : ever in purſuit of the reality, you obtain only the ſemblance ; content with the ſemblance, I, of courſe, enjoy the reality.

From a bewildering foreſt in Virginia, you will receive your Lewitzer's melancholy indictions. Here he realizes more ſubſtantial comfort than he has ever before experienced ; what weapons has nature formed which can wound the mind ? I enjoy her bounties, and they are fully ſufficient to every demand—why did I ever ſeek for more ?

You deſire a hiſtory of my life ſince we parted. Why, Alwyn, wilt thou cauſe me to call up ſcenes which I have long buried in the vault of oblivion ? Why wilt thou cauſe me to retrace ſteps indelibly imprinted in the beſt of human blood ? Ah, Alwyn, were not the feelings of your friend unſtrung by age, infirmity, and determinate reſolution ; his hand would be unequal to the taſk. And yet I fear to recount events, which, in ſpite of a Hermit's philoſophy—in ſpite of thy Lewitzer's fortitude, muſt harrow up his ſoul, and wring the long unaccuſtomed tear from his withered eye ! But it was the parting requeſt of my friend—it was my laſt promiſe, and I will perform. My next letter ſhall begin the important taſk—And may the genius which illumines my ſolitude, diſtil the balm of conſolation into the wounds of my heart, which muſt be reinflicted.

Little did you know of my intention when we exchanged a laſt farewel on the banks of the Elbe.—I could not inform you. I told you I ſhould ſpend my days in America. When I arrived at Philadelphia, I immediately ſat out in ſearch of a ſilent receſs in ſome ſouthern latitude ; by good fortune, I diſcovered this : I purchaſed a few neceſſaries, and here I retired. It is a natural cavity in a rock of white marble, deſcending beneath the ſurface, through the ſides of which I have cut holes, in an oblique direction, for the admiſſion of light and air. The entrance is ſmall and barricadoed. A circular flue, in form of a chimney, leads off the ſmoke, into a diſtant part of the foreſt, by a number of perforations, whenever I have need of fire, though that is but ſeldom, as the weather is ſcarce ever cold in theſe parts. I cultivate a ſmall garden. I purchaſed me a goat at one of the adjacent villages, which yields me milk. She lies in the mouth of my cavern by night, and ſeeks her food in the foreſt by day, from whence I alſo draw much ſuſtenance, as it abounds in fruit and nutritive roots. I have much improved the convenience of my cavern, from nature, by art. I have planted fruit and other trees, as alſo ſhrubs around me. I have a few books and a German bible. A bubbling rill murmurs through my garden, and a varying ſtream rolls at a diſtance. My domeſtics are a dog and a cat, who ſerve me with more diſintereſted zeal and fidelity, than any ſervants I have heretofore employed.———Such is the ſuit and furniſhments of him who once could tread upon velvet, and wallow in ſilks and gold.

The peaſants in the ſurrounding villages, (though the neareſt

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is ten Engliſh miles off) have diſcovered my retreat. They at firſt pleaſed me by their attention; they proffered me favors of almoſt every kind; and related to me the circumſtances of the exiſting war between Great Britain and this country. I frequently gave my opinion with regard to ſubſequent events, which, as was eaſy to be foreſeen, were in ſome inſtances verified; this, in their opinion, ſtamped me a Magician, and brought me into difficulty I had not ſuſpected. They thronged me from all parts; ſome wanted their fortunes told, others the diſcovery of loſt property, and others again the reſult of the war. I was obliged to adopt a deciſive and ſummary method. I refuſed their preſents, except ſuch as I was in abſolute need of. I anſwered none of their queſtions, and kept as much concealed from them as poſſible, and thus prevented their importunities. I am now converſant only with a few characters, who viſit me privately and occaſionally, whom I prize——Theſe tranſact any buſineſs I deſire, and are charged with the care of my letters. Once a year, I leave my receſs, and make a tour to the ſea port. I aſſume the man, caſt a longing, lingering look over the blue billows, and the dews of poignant reflection ſuffuſe my eyes. I wander through the villages, converſe a little with the inhabitants, and return to my beloved hermitage. Thus, Alwyn, paſſes the days of your Lewitzer ——how different from the proſpect of my early years!

My next letter commences the arduous taſk; if the lamp of life holds out, it ſhall be completed—For this time, adieu.

BIOGRAPHY OF COUNT ALEXANDER SUWOROW RIMNIKSKI,

Field Maſhal General in the Service of His Imperial Majeſty the Emperor of all the Ruſſias.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 48.)

MARSHAL SUWOROW is maſter of the principal part of the European languages. He ſpeaks and writes both German and French as if they were his native tongue. He is alſo well acquainted with thoſe of Italy and Moldavia, of Poland and Turkey; and he can converſe in all the various dialects of the people whom he has ſubdued.

In 1774, he married Barba Nanowna Princeſs Proſorowſki, daughter of the General Prince Iwan Proſorowſki; by whom he has two children now living: Natalia Counteſs Suworrow, who married General Count Nicolai Zoubow, and Arcadius, who is about fourteen years of age, a youth of great promiſe, and a Lieutenant in one of the regiments of guards.

Notwithſtanding his age, his long

long and laborious marches, which form an enormous aggregate of ſix thouſand German miles (equal to twenty thouſand of Engliſh meaſure); notwithſtanding his wounds and military toils; Suworrow ſtill preſerves the gaiety of youth. He is free from all corporeal weakneſs and infirmity; a circumſtance which muſt be attributed to the hardy habits of his life, his robuſt conſtitution, and rigid temperance.—Diſtinct as he is in the more ſtriking features of his character, from the common race of men, that difference is ſeen to prevail even in his ordinary tranſactions, in his mode of living, and the diſtribution of his time.

He riſes about four in the morning, both in winter and ſummer, in town and in the country. His bed is not contrived by art to indulge the effeminate voluptuary; it is not made of down, or ſurrounded with ſilken curtains; but is formed of the ſimple materials of nature, which afford to the peaſant fatigued with labor, the refreſhing ſweets of ſleep. A heap of freſh hay, ſufficiently elevated and ſcattered into conſiderable breadth, is his humble couch. A white ſheet is ſpread over it, with a cuſhion for his pillow, and his cloak for his coverlid. He generally ſleeps without body linen, and in ſummer he paſſes his day and night in a tent in his garden.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that the toilet occupies any portion of his time; but when he is not on active ſervice, he is clean in his perſon, and frequently waſhes himſelf in the courſe of the day. He confines his dreſs to an uniform and a kind of cloſe jacket, called a *gurtha*; but *robes de chambre*, and riding coats are baniſhed from his wardrobe, and he never ſuffers the indulgence of gloves or a peliſſe, but when a winter's march compels him to uſe them.

After his breakfaſt, which conſiſts of tea, he walks for an hour by way of exerciſe, and then ſits ſeriouſly down to the official duties of the day. He reads letters and reports, diſtributes the neceſſary orders, and continues without relaxation his profeſſional occupations till noon. He dictates ſuch alterations as he thinks neceſſary to be made in the various diſpatches which are preſented to his inſpection; and he will ſometimes write them himſelf. His ſtyle is manly and conciſe; and ſo correct is he in the choice of his expreſſions, that he is never known to efface them.

The hour of his dinner is irregular, and varies from nine to twelve; and during his repaſt, he is frequently communicative, and full of vivacity; his table generally conſiſts of about twenty covers; but he is himſelf a rare example of temperance, and obſerves the faſts of the Greek Church with the moſt undeviating rigor. Immediately after his dinner, he paſſes a few hours in ſleep, and ſupper is not a meal with him.

He knows little of the amuſements and paſtimes which luxury has invented, and laſſitude demands, to quicken the pace or relieve the burthen of time.

His principal occupation, and at the ſame time, his favorite diverſion, is war and its duties.

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However ſevere he may be with his ſoldiers, whether in their diſcipline and manœuvres, or the incredible marches, (ſometimes of ten German miles a day) by which he has given ſuch eclat and effect to his campaigns, they all regard him with an affection which borders on idolatry; and under his command, they are inſpired with a courage that renders them invincible: but whether they are engaged in the hurry of a campaign, or enjoying the repoſe of winter quarters, their neceſſary wants and appropriate comforts are the conſtant objects of his protecting attention.

The ſmall portion of leiſure which he enjoys, is devoted to reading. But as the military ſcience has long been, and continues to be, the ſole object of his regard, thoſe authors of every nation, who inveſtigate, illuſtrate, or improve it, engroſs his literary attentions. He does not, however, neglect to get information of what is paſſing in the world, from the communications afforded by the journals and gazettes of foreign countries.

He diſlikes all public entertainments; though when any particular circumſtance leads him thither, he appears to partake, and endeavours to promote the general pleaſure. He will ſometimes even dance, and play at cards, though very rarely indeed, and merely that he may not interrupt the etiquette of public manners.

His father bequeathed him a conſiderable property, which the grateful bounty of the Empreſs has conſiderably augmented; though he conſtantly refuſed all preſents in money or land, till the intereſt of his children could be benefited by ſuch gratifications. He entruſts the adminiſtration of his private affairs to others; and poſſeſſes none of thoſe baubles which the rich too generally regard as contributing to the enjoyment and pleaſure of life. He has neither villa, nor plate, nor equipage, nor liveried ſervants, nor pictures, nor rare collections. As a warrior, he has no fixed habitation; he contents himſelf with whatever he finds, requires nothing but what abſolute neceſſity demands, and which may be tranſported with eaſe from one place to another. It is alſo among the ſingular, though unimportant circumſtances of his life, that he has not made uſe of a looking glaſs for twenty years; or, during that period, encumbered his perſon with either watch or money.

With reſpect to his character, he is a man of the moſt incorruptible probity, immoveable in his purpoſes, and inviolable in his promiſes. Nor do theſe ſturdy virtues diſqualify him from poſſeſſing the moſt engaging manners. He is continually ſtriving to moderate a violence of temper, which he has not been able to extinguiſh. An effervescent ſpirit of impatience continues to predominate in his character; and it perhaps never happened that the execution of any of his orders has been equal to the rapidity of his wiſhes.

He is ſincerely religious, not from enthuſiaſm, but from principle; and takes every opportunity of attending the offices of public devotion: nay, when circumſtances

ſtances afford him the opportunity, he will, on Sundays and feſtivals, deliver lectures on ſubjects of piety, to thoſe whom duty calls to an attendance upon him.

The love of his country, and the ambition to contend in arms for its glory, are the powerful and predominant emotions of his indefatigable life; and to them, like the ancient Romans, he ſacrifices every other ſentiment, and conſecrates, without reſerve, all the faculties of his nature.

His military career has been one long uniform courſe of ſucceſs and triumph, produced by his enterpriſing courage, and extraordinary preſence of mind; by his perſonal intrepidity, and promptitude of execution; by the rapid and unparalleled movements of his armies; and by their perfect aſſurance of victory in fighting under his banners.*

The following letter from Gen. Suworrow was written at the time he was conducting the two important ſieges of Mantua and Alleſſandria, to a gentleman in Scotland, who had lived with him ſome time in Ruſſia:

"Theſe lines, Sir, are a ſufficient proof how ſenſible I have been of your kind recollection, and of the wiſhes which you form for my proſperity and for the ſucceſs of our arms.

"Although military operations occupy at this moment all my time, I am, however, unwilling to neglect my old acquaintances. Our affairs, thank Heaven, are going on in the beſt poſſible manner; and the happy way in which our firſt campaign has been opened, appears to be a good omen for the future. You will probably have already heard of the capture of the citadel of Turin, as well as of ſeveral other places which I have had the good fortune to take poſſeſſion of, at the head of the Auſtro-Ruſſian army. There is hardly any thing left but to take Mantua and Alleſſandria, where I now am, and both of which places are beſieged, to make my ſatisfaction complete. The conqueſt of them will increaſe the number of my feſtival days.

"May your brave countrymen long flouriſh, who, by ſecuring in part the Mediterranean from all hoſtile attempts, furniſhed us with the means of acting here in Italy, with more effect againſt the Revolutioniſts.

"May your prediction be accompliſhed! to become pacificator, after having ſubjugated an arrogant and preſumptuous enemy, is indeed the part which I am again ambitious of playing at the end of my career, as well as of the pleaſure of again ſeeing you, to repeat with my own mouth the ſentiments of eſteem and affection with which I am, Sir, your very humble, and very obedient ſervant,

"ALEX. SUWOROW RIMNIKSKI.

Alleſſandria, 30th June---11th July, 1799."

To

* The preceding Character is extracted from the Hiſtory of his Campaigns, publiſhed by Wright, Piccadilly.

To the EDITOR *of a* BRITISH MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I SEND you an Original Letter, which lately fell into my hands. The name of the writer is unluckily torn off, but it is not impoſſible but ſome of your Correſpondents may be able to point him out. He ſeems to have been Chaplain to Dr. Turner, then Biſhop of Ely. It will be matter of ſurprize to many to find that King Charles the Second (far from the beſt of our Kings) ſhould have been ſo much lamented; but it confirms the fact mentioned by many contemporary writers. It is to be regretted that the loyalty of the nation had not a better object. Colley Cibber, in that moſt entertaining book, the Apology for his Life, noticing the death of this Monarch, ſays, "I remember (young as I was) his death made a ſtrong impreſſion on me, as it drew tears from the eyes of multitudes, who looked no further into him than I did: but it was then a ſort of ſchool doctrine to regard our Monarch as a Deity; as in the former reign it was to inſiſt he was accountable to this world, as well as to that above him. But what, perhaps, gave King Charles the Second this peculiar poſſeſſion of ſo many hearts, was his affable and eaſy manner in converſing; which is a quality that goes farther with the greater part of mankind than many higher virtues, which in a Prince might more immediately regard the public proſperity. Even his indolent amuſement of playing with his dogs, and feeding his ducks in St. James's park (which I have ſeen him do) made the common people adore him, and conſequently overlook in him what in a Prince of a different temper they might have been out of humour at."—(*Cibber's Apology*, 8vo. 1750, p. 26.) How lamentably the Letter Writer's expectations were defeated by King James, need not be noticed.

I am, &c. C. D.

Ely Houſe, Feb. 7th, 1684-5.

REV. SIR,

YESTERDAY noon I doe believe the moſt lamented Prince that ever ſatt upon a throne, one of the beſt of Kings, after near five dayes ſickneſs, left this world, tranſlated doubtleſs to a much more glorious kingdome than all thoſe which he has left behind him now bewailing of their loſs: 'Twas a great peice of Providence that this fatal blow was not ſo ſudden as it would have been if he had dy'd on Munday, when his fitt firſt took him (as he muſt have done if Dr. King had not been by by chance and lett him blood.) By theſe few dayes reſpitt he had opportunity (which accordingly he did embrace) of thinking of another world, and wee are all prepar'd the better to ſuſtain ſo great a loſs: he ſhow'd himſelf throughout his ſickneſs one of the beſt-natur'd men that ever liv'd, and by abundance of fine things he ſaid in reference to his ſoul, he ſhow'd he dyed as good a Chriſtian; and the phyſicians, who have ſeen ſo many leave this world,

world, doe ſay they never ſaw the like as to his courage; ſo unconcerned he was at death, though ſenſible to all degrees imaginable to the very laſt: he often in extremity of pain would ſay he ſuffered, but thank'd God that he did ſo, and that he ſuffered patiently: he every now and then would ſeem to wiſh for death, and beg pardon of the ſtanders by and thoſe that were employ'd about him that he gave them ſo much trouble, that he hoped the work was almoſt over, he was weary of this world, he had enough of it, and he was going to a better. There was ſo much affection and tenderneſs expreſſed between the two royal brothers, the one upon the bed, the other almoſt drown'd in tears upon his knees, and kiſſing of his dying brother's hand, as could not but extreamly move the ſtanders by: he thank'd our preſent King for having alwayes been the beſt of brothers and of friends, and begg'd his pardon for the trouble he had given him from time to time, and for the ſeveral riſks of fortune he had run on his account. He told him now he freely left him all, and beg'd of God to bleſs him with a proſperous reign. He recommended all his children to his care by name (except the Duke of Monmouth, whom he was not heard ſo much as to make mention of.) He bleſs'd his children one by one, pulling them to him on the bed; and then the Biſhops mov'd him, as he was the Lord's anointed, the father of his country, to bleſs them alſo, and all that were then preſent, and in them the whole body of his ſubjects; whereupon, the room being full, all fell down upon their knees; and he rais'd himſelf in his bed, and very ſolemnly bleſs'd them all. This was ſo like a great good Prince, and the ſolemnity of it ſo very ſurprizing, as was extreamly moving, and caus'd a generall lamentation throughout the Court, and no one hears it, without being much affected with it, being new and great. 'Tis not to be expreſs'd how ſtrangely every body was concern'd when they perceiv'd there was but little hopes: to all appearance never any prince came to a crown with more regrett, with more unwillingneſs, becauſe it could not be without the loſs of one he lov'd ſo truly, than did our gracious Prince (whom God preſerve:) he join'd as heartily as any of the company in all the prayers the Biſhops offer'd up to God. He was as much upon his knees as ony one, and ſaid Amen as heartily, and no one doubts but he as much deſired God would hear their prayers as any one of all that prayed: The Queen (whom he had aſk'd for the firſt thing he ſaid on Munday when he came out of his fitts) ſhe having been preſent with him as long as her extraordinary paſſion would give her leave, which at length threw her into fitts, not being able to ſpeak whileſt with him, ſent a meſſage to him to excuſe her abſence, and to beg his pardon if ever ſhe had offended him in all her life. He reply'd, Alas! poor woman, ſhe beg my pardon! I beg hers with all my heart. The Queen that now is was a moſt paſſionate (*illegible*) tender-hearted as to think a crown dearly bought, with the loſs of ſuch a brother: there was no one indeed of either

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ſex but wept like children. On Fryday morning all the churches were ſo throng'd with people to pray for him, all in tears and with dejected looks, that for my part I found it a hard taſk, and ſo I do beleive did many more, to goe through with the ſervice, ſo melancholy was the ſight as well as were the thoughts of the occaſion of it. The Biſhop of Bath and Wells* watching on Wedneſday night (as my Lord had done the night before) there appearing then ſome danger, began to diſcourſe to him as a divine, and thereupon he did continue the ſpeaker for the reſt to the laſt, the other biſhops givin their aſſiſtance both by prayers and otherwiſe, as they ſaw occaſion, with many good ejaculations and ſhort ſpeeches, till his ſpeech quite left him, and afterwards by lifting up his hand expreſſing his attention to the prayers, he made a very glorious Chriſtian exit, after as laſting and as ſtrong an agony of death almoſt as ere was known.

About 4 o'clock King James was proclaim'd with the uſual ſolemnity, and with great acclamations, together with a decent concern for the loſs of ſo good a prince. All things were managed with great order and quiett, and his Majeſtie at night in council made a very gracious declaration (which I ſuppoſe will bee in print) wherein he promis'd ſolemnly to tread exactly in his brothers ſteps, both as to (*illegible*) according to law, and particularly that he would maintain the Church as now by law eſtabliſh'd. The ſame declaration he made to my lord in private with ſolemn proteſtations, and 'tis his conſtant diſcourſe that he will not in the leaſt diſturb the eſtabliſh'd government in the Church either by toleration or any other way whatever. This day the Archbiſhop and Biſhops waited on his Majeſtie, and deſired private audience in the cloſett: the Archbiſhop made a very eloquent ſpeech by way of thanks, in the name of the whole clergy, for the laſt night's declaration as what prevented what otherwiſe they muſt have made their earneſt prayer and ſuit to him to patronize the Church as his royal brother of bleſſed memory had all along done: giving him all aſſurances of loyalty in the clergy as what he might depend upon, as it is both the doctrine and practice of our Church beyond any Church in the world. His Majeſtie again repeated what he had before declar'd, and ſaid moreover, he would never give any ſort of countenance to the diſſenters, knowing that it muſt needs bee faction, and not religion, if men could not be content to meet five beſides their own familie, which the law diſpenſes with. Thus to make amends for our great loſs, wee are much comforted with the hopes wee have of our Church continuing in its former flouriſhing eſtate. His Majeſtie has never yett been known to bee worſe than his word, and 'tis to bee hop'd he will not bee in ſo often repeated promiſes. God continue him in his good reſolutions, and make us all live peaceably

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* Dr. Thomas Ken. Afterwards deprived 1ſt Feb. 1690. for not taking the oaths to King William and Queen Mary.—Editor.

bly and happily under him, and that his reign may bee alwayes anſwerable to this auſpicious beginning. I am, Sir, &c.

(Directed)

To the Rev. Mr. Francis Roper, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

On the NATIONAL CHARACTER *of the* DUTCH.*

[FROM THE MANUSCRIPT NOTES OF A GERMAN.]

THE firſt thing that offends a foreigner upon his entrance into Holland, is a certain indifference and coldneſs of manners. He hears none of thoſe warm expreſſions of kindneſs which in other countries are a part of good breeding, and which, though they coſt little or nothing to the ſpeaker, ſo agreeably flatter thoſe to whom they are addreſſed: he witneſſes none of thoſe eager marks of eſteem, friendſhip and ſolicitude, which indeed are ſeldom ſeriouſly meant; in ſhort, none of what are generally conſidered as the principal ingredients of politeneſs.

A ſtranger, when he delivers his letters of introduction to a faſhionable Hollander, will be diſguſted by his cold and ceremonious reception of him: and feel himſelf compelled by the monoſyllabic abruptneſs of his converſation immediately to enter upon the buſineſs which has brought him to Holland, and particularly occaſioned that viſit. The Dutchman will then with due formality expreſs the ſuggeſtions of the moment, promiſe his aſſiſtance, and then, pleading an immediate engagement, make an appointment at the exchange; the place of common reſort for every kind of buſineſs: and our traveller may congratulate himſelf if he be now and then invited to his table (*op un Kabbeljaawitje* or *Tongotje*) or in ſummer to his country-houſe: as to every thing elſe, he is left entirely to himſelf, on the ſuppoſition, that at his hotel, or at ſome coffee-houſe, he will meet with perſons, who for a gratuity will point out to him what is worthy of obſervation in the town, or aſſiſt him in paſſing away the time. Every viſit, not upon buſineſs, which he makes at the houſe to which he was introduced, will diſcover to him that he is an incumbrance both to the maſter of it and all his family.

On the other hand, civility and hoſpitality

* The following notes were occaſioned by reading a little work, "*The familiar letters of a Dane*," and afterwards "*Riem's Travels through Holland.*" Amongſt the many obſervations made by theſe travellers during their very rapid journey, are ſome precipitate and but half true. Againſt this error I am perhaps protected by a nine years' reſidence in Holland, 'till the ſpring of 1798. Beſides, what will enſure credibility to my aſſertions, *George Forſter*, who of all travellers has moſt profoundly and accurately examined the character of the Dutch, as well as of other nations, and whoſe "*Views*" I had the means of comparing with the following remarks, immediately after they were written, has in many points eſtabliſhed the ſame concluſions. D. EINS.

hoſpitality generally prevail among the middle claſſes of the people, in proportion as they are leſs deſirous to imitate the higher orders. The anecdote in "*Forſter's Views*" of the landlord who pulled off his warm ſlippers to offer them to a traveller, is a ſtriking repreſentation of the good diſpoſitions of the wealthy Dutch citizens; however, the contraſt between them and thoſe of more faſhionable life is not always ſo remarkable. And, generally ſpeaking, there is no country where humanity and civilization are more completely found among the middling claſſes than in Holland; and even among the rich and faſhionable in the ſmaller towns, if not at Amſterdam, an unaſſuming civility and kindneſs are found in a conſiderable degree.

A ſtranger who has loſt his way, or cannot find the place to which he is going, may venture to inquire of the firſt perſon he meets in the ſtreet, or ring at the next houſe, whether the door be open or ſhut: The perſon addreſſed will, if he can any-how gueſs his meaning, aſſiſt him with the greateſt readineſs, or if he does not underſtand or cannot inform him, will call to ſome one who is paſſing by; ſo that a ſtranger may occaſionally find himſelf ſurrounded by perſons, every one of whom is deſirous of aſſiſting him. And all this takes place without the leaſt pretenſions or expectation of praiſe. It often happens that a perſon, obſerving a ſtranger apparently ignorant of the town, will anticipate his inquiries and offer his ſervice. It is never adviſeable rudely to refuſe any requeſt whatever, as for inſtance, to help a porter with a heavily laden wheelbarrow over a bridge. A man who was ſmoaking before his door, was driven into the houſe by the hiſſes of a mob, which ſoon collected, becauſe he refuſed to light the pipe of a day-labourer who was paſſing by.

In other reſpects, it is found here, particularly at Amſterdam, that in proportion to his rank and riches a man loſes his natural goodneſs of diſpoſition; and ſuffers himſelf to be meanly and narrowly limited in every word and action by ſelfiſh conſiderations of profit and loſs. No perſons talk more about good-breeding, (*beheefdheid*) or pride themſelves more upon it, than the Dutch; but their good-breeding is nothing but a ſtiff and cold ceremonial comprehending ſome half dozen mighty points; one of the moſt important of which is, a certain appropriate ſalutation of acquaintances in the ſtreet; and a formal inquiry after the healths of themſelves and family (*hoe vaart* RUVE *en Mevroun, en de Familie;*) which is practiſed even towards foreigners when ſeen for the firſt time. And their good-breeding by no means precludes them from being guilty of ill manners and rudeneſs the moſt offenſive. It is however only certain purſe proud citizens of no education who can be accuſed of this, and not the inhabitants in general, to whom, nevertheleſs, *Riem*, has imputed it.* Here, too, they know very well how to diſtinguiſh the man of education from the upſtart, though indeed

* Reiſe durch Holland, p. 346.

deed much will be overlooked in in the latter if he be rich, and can render himſelf uſeful or injurious to one of more faſhion. An abſtaining from oaths is not, as *Riem* ſuppoſes, peculiar only to the *pietiſt*, but, as ſhould be the caſe every where, generally marks the man of education. On the other hand, young perſons affect French manners, the eſſence of which they unfortunately fancy to conſiſt in trifling, which from the poverty of their own minds ſinks into mere abſurdity, and, from their want of French delicacy, becomes a monſtrous compound of ſpruceneſs, affectation and awkwardneſs.

With this ceremonious ſtiffneſs is connected an unſocial temper, an unwillingneſs to aſſociate intimately with any but thoſe with whom they have been long acquainted, and before whom they feel no reſtraint. Hoſpitality too is at a low ebb with them. It is true that foreigners who have good letters of introduction are ſometimes invited to entertainments, but, for the moſt part, they are made only when ſome commercial advantage is expected to be derived from them; at ſuch times their pride is gratified by diſplaying their riches before foreigners of rank.

Viſiting almoſt altogether conſiſts of family-parties to which ſtrangers are never or ſeldom admitted. It is here that the Dutchman feels himſelf free from all reſtraint, and indulges in merriment, which the appearance of a ſingle foreigner would immediately convert into formality; a circumſtance which alone renders it difficult for travellers to judge of the national character of the Dutch. In general, Hollanders have a decided inclination towards a domeſtic life. Whether at home or abroad, they devote moſt of their leiſure hours to their family, ſpending them in familiar converſation and amuſements, and often in the inſtruction of their children. In ſuch family parties and clubs *(Koleegien)* or ſelect ſocieties, formed of large numbers, conſiſt almoſt all the ſocial pleaſures of the Dutch. To theſe clubs none are admitted but by ballot, and thoſe only againſt whoſe characters and opinions no one of the members has any objection, and who are ſufficiently known to the greater part of the ſociety, ſo that they can aſſociate without reſtraint and with perfect confidence. They are held in gardens in the neighbourhood of the town. The time is ſpent partly in various games, particularly a national one called *kolven*, (in which, very thick and hard balls are ſtruck with ſticks bent at the end into a blunt angle, and plated with copper, from a perfectly ſmooth pavement, againſt pales ſet up at both ſides, and the game depends on the diſtance from the boundary at which the ball ſtops after the rebound) and partly in chatting and ſmoaking tobacco with the ladies. The clubs of the ſame kind formed of young men are ſufficiently noiſy and intemperate, and ſerve to promote every kind of extravagance rather than rational recreation. Beſides theſe, there are alſo political and literary ſocieties. Of the former, the principal at Amſterdam is, the Society *pro Concordia et Libertate*, and of the latter, *Felix Meritis*; both conſiſt of patriotic members, and are ſupported by the weight, number and influence of their partizans.

tizans. Among the middling claſſes there is little ſociety out of their family circles, but foreigners find in them fewer impediments, and feel themſelves leſs intruſive.

The principal cauſes of this may be found in a third prominent feature in the Dutch character,—the love of repoſe. Various perſons who have reſided in Holland have imagined, that the want of ſufficient elaſticity in the air relaxes the nerves, and weakens the activity and energy of the mind. But, independently of this, the uniformity of a mercantile life obliges them to have recourſe to diverſions, which exclude every thing that might exhauſt the ſpirits, or diſturb the placidity of their amuſements. Buſineſs being diſmiſſed, ſmoaking a pipe at home or at his club, reading in the gazettes the common occurrences, chatting about the news of the day, or joining a party at cards, is the higheſt enjoyment of a Dutch merchant; an enjoyment, which, ſtrongly contraſted with what other nations conſider as ſuch, gives much occaſion to the deriſion of foreigners. *(To be continued.)*

An EULOGY *on the late Gen.* WASHINGTON, *pronounced before the Inhabitants of the Town of* BOSTON, *at the Requeſt of their Committee, by* GEORGE R. MINOT, A. M. A. A. S.

OUR duty, my Fellow-Townſmen, on this diſtreſſing occaſion, is dictated by the dignity and reſplendent virtue of the beloved Man whoſe death we deplore. We aſſemble to pay a debt to departed merit, a debt which we can only pay by the ſincerity of our grief, and the reſpectful effuſions of gratitude; for the higheſt eulogy left us to beſtow upon our lamented WASHINGTON, is the ſtrict narration of the truth; and the loftieſt character which we can aſſign to him, is the very diſplay of himſelf. When ambition allies itſelf to guilt, when power tramples upon right, when victory triumphs in blood, when piety ſits clouded in ſuperſtition, when humility is affected by cunning, when patriotiſm is founded on ſelfiſhneſs; then let adulation ſpread her proſtituted mantle, to ſcreen the diſgraces of her patrons, and amuſe with the falſehoods of her imagination. But to our political Father, the faithful page of hiſtory is panegyric, and the happineſs of his country is the monument of his fame.

Come, then, Warriors! Stateſmen! Philoſophers! Citizens! aſſemble round the tomb of this favourite ſon of virtue; with all the luxury of ſorrow, recollect the important events of his life, and partake of the greateſt legacy which a mortal could bequeath you, in the contemplation of his example. Whilſt we ſolemnize this act, his diſembodied ſpirit, if it be permitted to retrace the ſcenes of its terreſtrial exiſtence, will ſmile with approbation on the inſtructive rite.

Your anniverſaries have long honored the eleventh of February, one thouſand ſeven hundred and thirty two, as the birth day of our illuſtrious Chief, and the pariſh

iſh of his own name in Weſtmoreland county, in Virginia, boaſts itſelf the place of his nativity. But to ſouls like his, local reſtrictions are not attached. Where liberty was, there would be his country: Happy for us, the Genius of Liberty, reſponſive to his affections, reſolved that where WASHINGTON was, there alſo ſhould be her abode.

Educated by private inſtruction, his virtue grew with his knowledge, and the uſeful branches of literature, occupied the whole powers of his mind. Exemplary for ſolidity of thought, and chaſtity of morals, he was honoured by the government of Virginia, with an important miſſion, at an age when the levities of the human character ſeldom yield to the earlieſt operation of reaſon.

At the opening of the great war of encroachments upon our weſtern frontiers, he was the bearer of the remonſtrance to the French. Such was the addreſs, fidelity and perſeverance, with which he executed this important truſt, that he was honoured at twenty two years of age, with the command of a regiment raiſed by his province. His military talents were ſoon called to the teſt. At Redſtone, Victory perched upon his ſtandard; but with that volatility by which ſhe tries the powers of her favourite heroes, ſhe in a few months afterwards left him, by his own exertions, to ſave the honours of war for his little band, in an unequal, but well-ſupported battle. In Braddock's ſlaughtered army, he was a witneſs to ſcenes of horror, which his caution, had it been adopted, would have prevented, and which his ſteady courage aſſiſted much to retrieve. During the remainder of this war, he was employed in fortifying his native province, in arranging and perfecting its militia, and in checking the incurſions of the enemy, until the criſis of the conteſt had paſſed in this country, when he reſigned his command.

Retirement to him was only a different mode of action, and his repoſe partook not of indolence. Amidſt the honourable purſuits of agriculture, he diſcharged various civil offices, until we find him riſing amongſt the patriots of our country, as a delegate from Virginia, in the firſt American Congreſs.

We ſhall ever remember the fifteenth day of June, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy-five, when Providence directed to his appointment as the commander in chief of our revolutionary army. In this neighbourhood he firſt drew his ſword. Many of you, my Fellow-Townſmen, were then languiſhing under the fetters of tyranny, or were impriſoned within the joyleſs confines of your own habitations. Your hope was fixed on him. His command, independent of the reſources of his own mind, afforded no ground for the ſupport of your feelings. He had an army brave indeed, but with little diſcipline; naked, at the approach of winter; and almoſt ſubject to diſſolution from temporary enliſtments; a paymaſter without money; a commiſſary ſtruggling on the utmoſt ſtretch of credit. A veteran army lay under his eye, ſtrongly fortified, regularly

regularly paid, warmly clothed, and boaſting its ſuperiority to militia. Yet did his victorious ſword relieve you, and ſave your city. Juſtly have you aſcribed "your reinſtatement to his wiſe arrangements, which compelled your invaders to adopt a leſs deſtructive policy than that which on other occaſions they ſo wantonly practiſed." Could our gratitude forget it, the heights around us bear the triumphant evidence of his conqueſt.

To trace this protector of our liberties through his unrivalled career, from his gloomy retreat through the Jerſies to his ſeveral victories and his ſplendid triumph at York-Town, would be to narrate the varying hiſtory of our revolution. To him, public labour was amuſement, ſuffering in the cauſe of freedom was a luxury, and every hour as it flew carried an offering to his country.

As obedience to the voice of his oppreſſed fellow-citizens drew his ſword on the approach of war, ſo at the declaration of peace, by the ſame reſpected voice he reſtored it to its ſcabbard. He left them his bleſſing and their liberties. O Human Nature, how haſt thou been traduced! With thee, has it been ſaid, is eſſentially connected that luſt of power which is inſatiable; which reſtores not voluntarily what has been committed to its charge; which devours all rights, and reſolves all laws into its own authority; which labours not for others, but ſeizes the fruits of their labours for itſelf; which breaks down all barriers of religion, ſociety and nature that obſtruct its courſe; now art thou vindicated! Here we behold thee allied to virtue, worn in the ſervice of mankind, ſuperior to the meanneſs of compenſation, humbly hoping for the thanks of thy country alone, faithfully ſurrendering the ſword, with which thou waſt entruſted, and yielding up power with a promptneſs and facility equalled only by the diffidence and reluctance with which thou receivedſt it.

Now, will the future inquirer ſay, this Hero has finiſhed the taſk aſſigned him, the meaſure of his glory is full. A world is admitted to freedom—a nation is born. Favoured beyond the leader of Iſrael, not only with the proſpect, but with the fruition of the promiſed bleſſing, he has retired, like that prince of meekneſs, to the *Mount*, whence he is to aſcend, unſeen by a weeping people, to the reward of all his labours. No, he is to live another life upon this globe; he is to reap a double harveſt in the field of perennial honour. The people whom he has ſaved from external tyranny, ſuffer from the agitations of their own unſettled powers. The tree of liberty which he has planted, and ſo carefully guarded from the ſtorms, now flouriſhes beyond its ſtrength, its lofty excreſcences threaten to tear its leſs extended roots from the earth, and to proſtrate it fruitleſs on the plain. But, he comes! In Convention he preſides over counſels, as in war he had led the battle. The Conſtitution, like the rainbow after the flood, appears to us, now juſt emerging from an overwhelming commotion; and we know the truth of the pledge from the ſanction of his name.

The production was worthy of its

its authors, and of the magnanimous people whom it was intended to eſtabliſh. You adopt it, you cheriſh it, and you reſolve to tranſmit it, with the name of WASHINGTON, to the lateſt generation, who ſhall prove their juſt claim to ſuch an illuſtrious deſcent.

Who was ſo worthy, as our great legiſlator, to direct the operations of a government which his counſels and his ſword had laboured to erect? By a unanimous ſuffrage he was invited to the exalted ſtation of Preſident of the United States. The call was too ſacred to admit of doubt: It ſuperſeded the happineſs of retirement, the demands of private intereſt, the ſweet attractions of domeſtic ſociety, and the hazard (forgive it, WASHINGTON! for thou waſt mortal) the hazard of public reputation. Behold the man on this occaſion ſo mighty in the eye of all the world, ſo humble in his own! He accepts the high appointment, with ſuch diſtruſt of his natural endowments, with ſuch diffidence in his capacity, as can be relieved only by his reliance on that almighty BEING, "who rules over the univerſe, who preſides in the councils of nations, and whoſe providential aids can ſupply every human defect."

One of the earlieſt acts of his adminiſtration was that circular viſit to tranſfuſe his love, and receive the grateful benedictions of his loving countrymen, in which you, my Fellow Townſmen, partook ſo liberal a ſhare. What ſenſations ruſhed upon your minds, when you compared the dreadful aſpect of your beſieged city, with its now ſmiling condition. The well-cultivated fields were ſcreening from view the late terrific ramparts of the enemy, and the groans of the diſtreſſed had yielded to the buſy noiſe of commerce and pleaſure. How grateful now is the recollection, that with tears of joy you crowded to meet him in your ſtreets, diſplaying the very inſignia which you this day bear in mournful proceſſion; and your children bowing their heads with eager ſolicitude to attract his fatherly eye, received his pious bleſſing.

Did the occaſion admit of it, how pleaſing would be the review of his adminiſtration, as our Supreme Executive Magiſtrate! His talents and his virtues increaſed with his cares. His ſoul ſeemed not to bear the limits of office, a moment after the obligations of duty and patriotiſm withdrew their reſtraints from his univerſal love. When the miſguided ſavages of the wilderneſs, after feeling his chaſtiſement, had ſued for peace, he ſeemed to labour for their happineſs as the common repreſentative of mankind. Inſurrection was ſo ſtruck at his countenance, that it fled from the ſhock of his arm. Intrigue attempted to entangle him in her poiſonous web, but he burſt it with gigantic ſtrength, and craſhed her labours. Anarchy looked out from her cavern, and was daſhed into oblivion, as we truſt forever. The nations of Europe ſaw the wiſdom of our laws, the vigour of our meaſures, the juſtice of our policy, the firmneſs of our government, and acquieſced in the neutrality of our ſtation.

The dangers of the Common-

wealth

wealth having ſubſided at the cloſe of his ſecond adminiſtration, he felt himſelf juſtified, after dedicating forty-five years of his valuable life to her ſervice, in withdrawing to receive with reſignation the great change of nature, which his age and his toils demonſtrated to be near. When he declined your future ſuffrages, he left you a legacy. What! like Ceſar's to the Romans, money for your ſports? Like Attalus's, a kingdom for your tyranny? No; he left you not ſuch baubles, nor for ſuch purpoſes. He left you the records of wiſdom for your government: a mirror for the faithful repreſentation to your own view, of yourſelves, your weakneſſes, your advantages, your dangers: a magnet which points to the ſecret mines and windings of party ſpirit, faction, foreign influence: a pillar to the unity of your republic: a band to incloſe, conciliate, and ſtrengthen the whole of your wonderful and almoſt boundleſs communities. Read, preſerve the ſacred depoſit; and leſt poſterity ſhould forget the truth of its maxims, engrave them on his tomb, that they may read them when they weep before it.

In his ſecond reſignation of power and the charms of office, the American Leader appears ſuperior to ancient or modern examples. Yet another grade was aſſigned to his virtue. Our national rights, ſo well defended at home, were invaded on the ocean. The alarm reaches his retreat; the honour of our republic warms his heart; and he again accepts the ſword for its defence from the hand of another, placed by the voice of the people in that ſupreme magiſtracy, which he alone had heretofore filled. With a leſs dignified ſoul, this official inferiority might have availed to injure his country; but he who could deſcend from the head of a nation to diſcharge the minuteſt duties of a private citizen, was too great to allow the influence of etiquette to endanger the ſafety of the people. His condeſcenſion raiſes him above himſelf; his ſpirit fires all ranks of men; he is overwhelmed with the gratitude and applauſe of an enraptured nation.

Whilſt we confide in his arm, and are marſhalling our warriors to march under his banners, the GOD of armies, whoſe counſels are beyond the ſcrutiny of man, prepares for us the teſt of our ſubmiſſion to his chaſtiſing rod. It is decreed that our WASHINGTON ſhall die, but that his death ſhall be worthy of his life. He is to die by the hand of Virtue. The rapid diſeaſe which is ſelected as the inſtrument of his diſſolution, inſtantaneouſly ſeizes him. His humanity delays the immediate aid to which alone it may yield. Inconſolable domeſtics! what ſtorms would you not have braved, what hazards would you not have encountered, to ſave that life which was ſacrificed to your comfort and ſafety! At length Science flies to ſave him. Alas! what avails its ſkill againſt the mandate of Heaven? It comes too late!——It is finiſhed.

Wonderful event! Greatneſs departs in glory, and envy is ſilent! All acknowledge him to be the firſt of citizens, and none feel hurt by his ſuperiority. So impartial was he that none impeach his juſtice; ſo moderate, none complain of his power; ſo magnanimous,

nanimous, his conquered enemies applaud his humanity; ſo philanthropic, that neither colour, nor climate, nor religion, nor politics could exclude the unfortunate from his ſuccour. He had the habit of combining ſentiment with action in ſuch method and force, that he ſhed his benevolence on communities of men with the ſame eaſe as the ſudden impulſe of momentary ſenſibility beſtows it upon individuals. Unexampled virtue! allotted to its merited reward. Many founders of nations have been left to obtain from poſterity that reputation which prejudice or bigotry has denied at their deaths. The tomb has been neceſſary to bury anger, petty intereſts and emulation, which barred an equitable judgment. But in regard to this Sage, the gratitude of his country has been co-exiſtent with his exertions. Time has not been required to remove him from our view, in order to magnify his exploits through the medium of fame; nor was it requiſite that we ſhould be deprived of the good he had done us, to entertain a juſt ſenſe of its importance. Medals and ſtatues have been decreed him when living, and your tears announce his greater triumph in your hearts, when dead. Diſintereſted love! What motives have you, Freemen, for thus offering up your applauſe? He has now no ſhield to defend you from the invaſions of your enemies; his head lies cold in the grave, and no counſel can ariſe from his lips. His eyes were cloſed by his own unſhaken hand, and no ſmile can now beam from his countenance to animate your troops. Grateful Republicans! indeed you weep not from ſelfiſhneſs. Afflicted with the thought of the bleſſings which he has ſhowered upon yourſelves and your children, you would call him, could your voice be heard, from the cloſed manſions of the dead, again to receive the tribute of your affection. You weep for her, whoſe tender participation in the anxieties of a huſband relieved his cares, and protracted the invaluable life which love itſelf could no longer detain. Diſconſolate woman! mourn not, for the faithful is gone to receive the reward of his uprightneſs. The whole deſire of his heart, the whole purſuit of his labours has been the good of his fellow-men. Contraſt him with thoſe who have been raiſed by the empty, the criminal admiration of mankind, to the higheſt ranks in the Pantheon of fame. See one inſtead of liberating and protecting, employed in conquering and enſlaving a world, and weeping that his guilty taſk could be continued no longer. Another retiring from the purple, not with the united bleſſings of all religious ſects, but the bigoted perſecutor of the only rational and divine religion: See the maſter of ſo many crowns, after yielding them up for a convent, inſtead of intereſting himſelf in the welfare of mankind to the hour of his departure, relapſing into the abſurdities of monkiſh ſuperſtition; and another, whoſe aſhes are ſcarcely cold, ſlaughtering the armies of half the nations of Europe, to extend the limits of an Electorate, with as much zeal as our departed Hero laboured to extend the limits of freedom, civilization and morals. When ſo much worth ſteps off from

from the ſtage of life, the weakneſs of our nature is the only apology for our tears. Such an exit is not death, it is the triumph of the juſt.

Sons of Freedom! as you regard the memory of your aſcended Chief, attend to the injunctions of his will. Remember that it was not for you alone he laboured. It was for your poſterity alſo; it was for the human race. For you and for them he was firſt in building the nobleſt political ſyſtem that adorns the world. It is an experiment to aſcertain the nature of man; whether he be capable of freedom, or whether he muſt be led by the reins of tyranny; whether he be endowed with that moderation and underſtanding which checks the extreme indulgence of his will; and by allowing to others the ſame rational enjoyment with himſelf, forms the liberty of the whole upon the partial reſtraint of each individual; or whether he muſt go on attempting to follow the dictates of ſelfiſhneſs, and find his only reſtraint in a power which will eſtabliſh itſelf independent of his conſent, and make him its ſlave. Who of us can be ſuppoſed to be ſo loſt to himſelf, ſo forgetful of his children, and ſo traitorous to the world, as to contemplate the overthrow of this magnificent temple of wiſdom? No, my Fellow Townſmen, whatever zeal may ſuddenly ſuggeſt, or apprehenſions tempt us to ſuſpect, there lives not a man among us, ſo depraved, ſo curſed by Heaven. Shall it be ſaid, that the works of his hands whom we this day almoſt adore; that the hope which he held out to the nations of the earth, ſhall be fruſtrated by our diviſions? To the honour of our country, not a man but anſwers, No: all, when rightly informed, wave their particular prejudices in ſupport of the great pillar of our national union. It is our pride; it was erected by our fathers; it is the ſtandard of our defence. Let us then, with a view of forever maintaining it, baniſh all animoſity, melt down all parties, wipe away all diſtinctions. Let us no longer deſignate men who have differed in ſentiment, by odious epithets mutually reflected and mutually diſavowed: but if a common name be wanted, let it be formed from his whom we now ſeek to honour, and let it be uſed to denote good will to one another, reſpect to our Conſtitution, fortitude to our enemies, love to our country, devotion to our GOD.

In the condolence of this day, we cannot fail to notice the honour which we feel by the preſence of the Fathers of the State. It was not unbecoming the dignity of office, on ſuch an occaſion, to ſuſpend its occupations, and join the general ſorrow. To devote this portion of time to his memory who devoted a long life to our happineſs, is rational and juſt. Within the preſent political year, you, Honourable Magiſtrates and Legiſlators, in this place ſolemnized the obſequies of the late excellent Governor of our Commonwealth, the much reſpected SUMNER. Thus paſs away the wiſe, the virtuous and the faithful; by an irrevocable decree, leſs unwelcome to them, as it reſpects themſelves, than grievous to us. Their lives are long enough for their own glory, but, alas! ſtill too neceſſa-

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ry to their country's welfare. The experience, the learning, the genius, the various coincidence of circumſtances, which are neceſſary to form that effulgence of character, by which they enlighten, poliſh and direct ſociety, fall to the lot of few. When ſuch lamps are extinguiſhed, we are happy if our darkneſs be tranſient. But in your wiſdom the people of our Commonwealth ſafely confide; nor as members of our united country, do they mourn like thoſe who are without hope; for although in the preſent gloom of our political hemiſphere, their late ruling planet has travelled to the morning of another clime, yet its kindred luminary riſes on the horizon, brilliant, ſteady, and propitious to direct their courſe. They lament that their beloved WASHINGTON ſleeps in death; their conſolation is, that his faithful Brother, the vigilant ADAMS, ſurvives.

For the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

The POLITICAL REVIEW. No. II.

THAT "the truth muſt not be ſpoken at all times," is an old maxim. It may ſometimes impoſe ſilence, can never juſtify falſehood, or prevarication. As a writer I muſt be my own judge, (for I have no counſellor) when to be ſilent, and when and what to write. I will not write without weighing and examining my own thoughts; and if poſſible, I will think with candor and impartiality. If my diſſertations are not ſhielded by truth, I aſk no protection for them or their author. If they contain truths ſpoken out of time, it is the error of my head, not of my heart.

With thoſe who hold it a crime to throw a wet blanket on the fire of party ſpirit, I ſtand arraigned as a criminal already. Having learned my political and moral creed, in a ſchool very different from theirs, my plea will be, *not guilty*. Knowing I ſhall ſtand acquitted, and not only acquitted, but applauded, by impartial and independent judges, I ſhall purſue the courſe I have deſigned to take, with ſenſations very different from thoſe of fear. Since the adoption of the federal conſtitution, we have heard in general of but two political parties—*Federaliſts* and *Jacobins*. How theſe names have been uſed and abuſed, every American, from the ſchool boy, up to the ſage coiners of the words, already know too well. They are heteroclites too irregular for me to decline. Thoſe who have uſed them moſt, would find themſeves puzzled in all their variations, to give them any conſiſtent definition; to the numerous herd of word-mongers, who have learned the faſhionable art of uſing epithets without ideas, I conſign them over *forever*. In America, we have three political ſects, who have adhered

hered uniformly to their reſpective ſyſtems; and a fourth claſs, who do not deſerve the name of a ſect, ſuch as are found in all countries, who act upon no ſyſtem, and adhere to no principles. The firſt, and moſt reſpectable in number, and I believe in influence, is that large majority of the community who, in principle and practice, are friends to our Conſtitution as it now is. To thoſe I ſhall give the name of *Conſtitutionaliſts*. This claſs includes all men of information, reflection, and ſound politics, who regard our conſtitution, in theory and practice, as the temple of ſober freedom, and a ſafe barrier both to tyranny and faction. To this claſs belong alſo the great body of induſtrious, temperate, honeſt citizens, who move in the more ſubordinate, but not leſs important ſphere of laborious life. Theſe are friends to their *country*, becauſe they believe, and believe rightly, that there is no other country on earth, where people of their deſcription, enjoy as they do, the rights and privileges, and feel as they do, and ought to do, the importance of independent freemen. Theſe are alſo friends to our *Conſtitution*, becauſe within their own memory and their own happy experience, it has contributed to their proſperity and their peace; ſo ſtrong and ſo well known is the attachment of this claſs of people to it, that few demagogues would be ſo hardy as to openly attempt to ſeduce their allegiance. But pity it is, there are not wanting deſigning men, men for whom traitors is a better name, who know too well how to abuſe this attachment. If they cannot ſeduce it from the temple, they withdraw it from the prieſts who perform its offices.—But more of this hereafter.

In ſpeaking of this firſt political ſect, this great and reſpectable claſs of real Americans, I ſhall not enter into the more minute and frivolous diſtinctions which art, and folly, and ignorance, and paſſion, have made, and which have been deſignated by cockades and inſidious names, that ſhall never diſgrace my pen. However the reaſon of honeſt men may have been deluded, or the vanity of diſhoneſt ones pampered by ſuch diſtinctions, I am perſuaded my enlightened countrymen, in retroſpective reflection, will hereafter think of them with other emotions than thoſe of pride. I know of no ſpirit more hoſtile to the reaſon, than that of political party. We have drank of it to intoxication. It was new to us. We received it at firſt as friendly cheer, and thought it neceſſary to our health. We have ſeen the experiment. It has been almoſt as fatal to us, as the exotic ſpirits of rum and brandy to the aborigines of our foreſts.

To the ſubject. We will return from exotic ſpirits; to exotic politics. I muſt now deſcend to the painful taſk of deſcribing two other ſects that might with propriety be called *organized diſorganizers*. Theſe are the more to be feared becauſe they both act, though not jointly, with uniformity and perſeverance in their ſeveral ſyſtems. Both are the profeſſed friends of order and good government. But their ſchool of order lies beyond a wide chaos of diſcord; they would paſs through, before they will

will become its initiated diſciples. The governments which they admire are ſome real or ideal ones, very far, and very different from our own, to which they transfer all their good wiſhes, and leave of courſe their bad actions to their own country. Thus far there is a ſimilarity in the two parties. But they attack the ramparts of the Conſtitution on oppoſite ſides, and their principles and their object, are totally adverſe and irreconcileable. There might, for this reaſon, be the leſs danger from their hoſtility, were it not that they have the addreſs to foment groundleſs diſſenſions, among the well meaning, but ill informed, and to draw into offenſive operations many miſguided people, whoſe hearts are wedded to a better cauſe.

For theſe two ſects, or parties, as they may be called with more propriety, I cannot find juſter names, than thoſe they have given each other ; *Monarchiſts* and *Democrats*.

The object of one is to concentrate all power in an energetic executive, which, if it have not the name, ſhall have the prerogative of a King. Of the other, to take back a large ſhare which is already veſted in our executive, and replace it in the hands of a ſovereign people.

The former party is, perhaps, the moſt to be feared from the number and influence of thoſe who compoſe it. The latter, from its wild unſettled notions of government, and the union they would naturally form with the unprincipled claſs, already mentioned, of political nothingarians. They only agree in what they diſlike, our preſent Conſtitution, and adminiſtration, but have not even united in the theory of what they would have. The former look to Great-Britain for a model : as this model is ſtable and regular, they have acquired uniform habits by contemplating it. The latter have their eyes on France, and have become almoſt as fickle, as the lunatic who gazes on the ever changing moon. Both, however, adhere to their ſeveral ſyſtems. Both would make us believe our liberty is not ſafe under the federal Conſtitution. The former would take it down with caution, and preſerve ſome of its materials, and furniſh others, to erect a ſtronger and more expenſive one, in which we muſt make a free offering of one half of our liberty to ſecure the other, and leave that ſubject to a mortgage, for our poſterity to redeem as they can. The latter would knock down the conſtitution at once, put the whole ſtock of our freedom, and the rights of man, into the French liberty cap, huſtle for it, and take their chance. Under the guidance of the former, we might make ſome calculation of the length and the fatigue and the expenſe of our journey to degradation, and of the burthens we muſt bear. The other would drive us the ſhort road to inevitable and incalculable deſtruction.

Theſe I have ventured to declare to be the principles of the Monarchiſts and Democrats.—Parties which evidently exiſt in our country, but which have not, and I truſt never will, gain ſtrength ſufficient to make an open avowal of their principles or deſigns.

They

They profeſs a veneration for the Conſtitution, and a love of our country. (They poſſibly may poſſeſs the latter, if it can exiſt without the former.) They chooſe it for a ſhelter, under which they may attack their enemies and gain friends. But believe me, the *amending clauſe* is the only part they view with complacency. Here, like the enraged Iriſhman, in farce, they will attempt to turn the houſe out at the door. Happy would it be, if they had it not in their power, to diſturb its otherwiſe peaceable tenants.

Without thoſe parties, we ſhould undoubtedly have ſome political contentions, and adminiſtration diſſentients: but they would be temperate breezes, that ſerve to purify the atmoſphere.

This analyſis may prove to ſome "a ſtumbling block," and to others "fooliſhneſs." It ſpeaks a language which I believe to be founded in truth, and that will be underſtood by thoſe to whom it is addreſſed—men who have diſcernment to judge of our political movements, and who have the ability, independence, and diſpoſition to give them a right direction.

To place our enemies on their proper ground, and concentrate the ſtruggle of our friends, is the wiſh, and ſhall be the perſevering effort of

UNION.

A PHILOSOPHICAL SKETCH *of the* PROGRESS *of* LITERATURE, *from the Age of* MARCUS AURELIUS, *to the Commencement of the* FRENCH REPUBLIC.

By DE SALES, *Member of the National Inſtitute of France.*

AFTER four years of labour, conſecrated to the eſtabliſhment of philoſophy and hiſtory on their proper baſe, the ameliorating of the laws, the improvement of public manners, the endeavor to reconcile men to rational liberty, and citizens to the control of the magiſtracy, I terminate my career by throwing myſelf into the arms of men of genius, whom I have ever loved and honoured, but whoſe acquaintance not much cultivated, except indeed that of Homer, Tacitus, Montaigne, and thoſe illuſtrious ancients whoſe works inſpire us with genius, and without which all modern reputation would be like the image of Daniel,—a coloſſus with feet of clay.

In the examination I make of thoſe illuſtrious characters who employ my pen, I ſhall particularly endeavour to diſcover their ſecret principle of action, which prudence often, and that not to be condemned, obliges them to hide. This ſecret principle of action is that alone which is not liable to contamination in the mind of man; it is that which ultimately forms the public opinion, and preſerves the traces of virtue amid the changes and ſtorms of revolution.

I ſhall be obliged, in performing this great undertaking, to ſpeak of

of academies which no longer exiſt, but are revived in our literary inſtitution; and I ſhall diſguiſe neither the incalculable benefit they have been of to letters, nor the failings by which they have been attended. This diſcuſſion naturally induces me to aſſume the tone of a critic: but from a ſpirit of tolerance I would wiſh my obſervations to be ſuppoſed to attach rather to facts, than to perſons; and when I ſhall be obliged to diſcloſe the veil which covers their foibles, and on which public opinion is always apt to put the worſt conſtruction, I would wiſh to draw my examples from ſome diſtant epoch, to ſilence contemporary vanity, under the venerable names of antiquity, and preſent truth to the mind of the refined ſcholar, through the medium of fable.

This work ſhall be free, it cannot be otherwiſe, ſince the object of its author is true and enlightened literature; it is impoſſible for him to breathe the ſpirit of ſlavery, who has pronounced with ſo much energy the name of freedom. Thirty years has the *Philoſophy of Nature* exiſted. But this love of independence favours not the advocates of licentious manners: I admire not the apoſtle of liberty, unleſs in his original purity. The moment that devotees diſgrace, or traitors mutilate it; or above all, that factious men make it ſubſervient to their own ſiniſter deſigns, I think it right then to ſubmit it to the ordeal of the moral crucible, to ſeparate the virgin gold of nature from the vile droſs with which man has contaminated it.

In giving a true philoſophical deſcription of men of letters, it is neceſſary to conſider them either as iſolated, or forming an intellectual conſtellation by their union in ſome inſtitution, literary ſociety, or academy.

The ſolitary labours of a literary man ought to yield in priority to thoſe of him whoſe views and talents are enlarged by liberal converſe with men of letters: juſt as in a gallery of pictures, an artiſt examines not a portrait, till he has feaſted his eyes on the hiſtoric pictures which ſurround him.

After theſe preliminary obſervations, the reader may ſee what train of ideas has led me to the plan of this work. It ſeems proper that I ſhould firſt begin by a grand and rapid ſurvey of all thoſe philoſophic and literary aſſociations, which have extended the ſphere of human knowledge, refined the arts, and enlightened the world by the concentration of its numerous rays. And as the human mind, any where running a long career, muſt leave ſome traces behind; it would be proper perhaps to ſearch for the origin of thoſe aſſociations among the Chaldee writers, the literary ſocieties of China, the ſacerdotal colleges of Egyptian Thebes, or of Memphis, the academy of Bènares, and in all the Lyceums of the firſt ages.

The brilliant age of Pericles would alſo be uſeful to aſſiſt this inquiry, which was never equalled, at leaſt till the time of Montaigne, and that I am bold enough to call, by way of diſtinction, the age of reaſon.

The connexion of events leads me to ſpeak of Rome, which, during the ſpace of ſeven hundred years,

years, was acquainted with no other ſcience, but that of military murder, and diplomatic intrigue; and which, having arrived at the completion of her ambitious wiſhes, conſoled the world for all the miſeries ſhe had occaſioned, by adopting the arts of the conquered nations, and eſtabliſhing the age of Auguſtus, next in excellence to that of Pericles. She drew, however, from Athens almoſt all her brighteſt ornaments, except Horace and Tacitus.

We may ſee ſome traces of an enlightened combination of men among the Arabian califs, during the reign of Charlemagne, and Aaron Raſchild, which for a ſhort time illuminated the horizon of ſcience: hiſtory has repreſented the revival of letters in the middle age, under the tutelary guardianſhip of the houſe of Medici, as more permanent; but it was not till the commencement of the immortal age of Louis the XIVth, that it received true ſtability,—an age ornamented by the genius of Corneille, Mollière, and Fenelon, and capable, by its luſtre, of obſcuring even the crimes of Richelieu.

A deſcription of the various ſocieties of literary men, from the firſt ages, to the inſtitution of thoſe original academies, after which all thoſe of modern Europe ſeem modelled, that is to ſay, the Royal Society of London, and the French Academy, cannot be given but in the aggregate.

Here the hiſtory of literature preſents one regular proceſs of the human mind, advancing towards perfection; and requires to be treated in that kind of comprehenſive manner, which unites general inquiry with the minuteſt detail.

Our three academies enter eſſentially into this plan: and as it is not my wiſh to flatter, but to ſpeak truth and to be uſeful, I ſhall, in the courſe of this work, inveſtigate both the falſe and legitimate fruit, which this ſcientific tree of good and evil has produced. That which retrieves the honour of letters moſt is, that our academies conſtantly execute with energy the important concerns government has committed to their care; and ſtruggle, but with that ſlow circumſpection which becomes their dignity, againſt thoſe anti-republicans who would wiſh to degrade them: therefore the good which they have done belongs to them as a body; and the evil to which they have given origin, is attributable only to that ſceptre of iron which preſided over their infancy.

After having examined the literary and philoſophical ſocieties of Europe with the double torch of criticiſm and liberality, I ſhall diſcuſs the merits of the Inſtitute itſelf; I ſhall bring into full diſplay the great advantages reſulting to government, from the union round one focus, of the ſcattered members of the three academies; and ſhall venture, with a philoſophical boldneſs, to hint at thoſe regulations, which are ſtill wanting to that celebrated body, to raiſe it to its proper eminence, and to make its members leſs the repreſentative of a literary people, than of the general republic of letters.

This treatiſe on the literary ſocieties of all ages and all nations, ſo extended in its original intention, yet neceſſarily confined in its execution, cannot be conſidered in any other light but as the co-

lonnade of a grand edifice, which it is my intention to rear to the honour of literature.

The great work, of which this introduction may be conſidered only as an outline, is the hiſtory of literature ſince that epocha, when the clouds which ſeemed to hang over it began to diſperſe, that is, ſince the days of Marcus Aurelius to the beginning of the French Republic.

Such a work would be unworthy the Inſtitute and all ſucceeding ages, unleſs it embraced theſe two diſtinct objects: the rational hiſtory of literature, and that of literary men.

The hiſtory of literature, like a table of contents, muſt be looked upon as an aggregate: it muſt preſent at one glance that part of the world which it illuminates, and that which it conſigns to darkneſs and ſtupidity. It is the cloudy pillar of Moſes—half-enlightened; which conducted by its bright ſide the Iſraelitiſh army through the Red Sea, and ſcattered darkneſs round the hoſt of Pharaoh.

The hiſtory of literary men is more ſimple; it only requires a judicious ſelection of facts, refined by criticiſm, and tied together by the inviſible bond of method: facts are the ſoul of necrology; they prevent the hiſtory of art from being loſt in the vortex of oratorical declamation, and, what is much more dangerous, ſaves it from the corruption and degeneracy of inſipid panegyric.

The idea of ſetting off with the hiſtory of literature and of the literati, is perhaps new. Brucker, Gouget, Condorcet, &c. have treated of the firſt; Bayle, and a crowd of encyclopædian authors have only attempted at the ſecond: in the mean time it is very evident, that every philoſophical intention goes unanſwered, unleſs the hiſtory of art is illuminated by that of the artiſt—unleſs we give to the fabric of literature an architectural individuality, as well as totality.

It is poſſible that the difficulty of uniting theſe two objects, without injury from their interference with each other, prevented thoſe celebrated men who have written before me, from proceeding in the way I propoſe; by doing which, they would have obviated the neceſſity of my endeavours. Robertſon has preceded his indifferent Life of Charles the Fifth by a pompous introduction, in which he gives an outline of our laws and manners, but particularly of our literature. If one had propoſed to him, from time to time to relieve our eyes from the contemplation of this brilliant maſs of hiſtory, by placing before us thoſe very literati who ſerve as the elements of his original ideas, it is moſt likely he would have refuſed to deſcend from his elevated walk to the petit-details of minute necrology.

But I ſhould have anſwered Robertſon: It is not deſcending, to write in a philoſophical manner the lives of men of letters, and to expoſe to public view thoſe documents by which they decide on the merits of any particular enlightened age. I might have added, that the ſublime hiſtorian who wrote the reigns of Tiberius and Nero, thought it no degradation to repoſe his pencil on the Life of Agricola, and would have thought, perhaps, the compromiſe with glory leſs, to have become the biogra-

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pher of Tibullus, of Terence, or of Virgil.

I am perſuaded, the prevailing motive which deters philoſophers from undertaking that grand arrangement of hiſtory which I propoſe, is that they think, the firſt part of the hiſtory of literature would be embarraſſed in its execution, by the acceſſory part, which is a philoſophical account of the innumerable phalanx of men of letters.

But this pretext, at the bottom is it not illuſory? Is there not truly a principal and ſecondary part in the philoſophic work, whoſe plan I trace? Each object, little or great, does it not contribute to the general harmony of the whole, if its ſituation is properly diſpoſed of, and its proportions natural?

I grant there are ſome immenſe plans which ſeem to exclude the union I contend for. Bayle, for example, the philoſopher, both from his genius and perſeverance beſt calculated to undertake the hiſtory of literature and literary men, in extending his Lives to four volumes *in folio*, has been prevented by his plan, from combining with his ſeparate details a wide and connected view of the whole. This general view, ſpringing naturally from its conſtituent parts, ought to be diſtinguiſhed by its preciſion; it is a focus of rays, which loſes its activity in proportion as the ſphere of its influence is extended. Beſides, what unity can there be in the work of Bayle, if his lives of celebrated and obſcure characters form four *folio* volumes, and the general philoſophical ſurvey, deſigned to form a key to the whole collection, ſhould find itſelf reduced to the extent only of thirty pages?

But let us reduce to juſt proportion the coloſſus, more dazzling in appearance than valuable in reality, of this famous dictionary, and the problem will be eaſily ſolved. It may be made to appear, that Bayle himſelf had the temerity to ſuppreſs articles of geography and other circumſtances which did not immediately anſwer his purpoſe; that he paſſed over a crowd of theologians, or at leaſt jumbled their obſcure names together with a careleſs hand; that he ſpoiled the ſimplicity of his text by the oſtentatious erudition of his notes, and ſo far reduced the edifice, that its foundations ſeemed to want a ſuperſtructure.

The confirmation of the ſyſtem I propoſe, reſults from theſe obſervations, that a philoſophical diſplay of literature cannot exiſt without a ſeries of generating ideas, which may vivify the detached hiſtories of literary men; and that it is not impoſſible to give to all parts of this grand work the proportions of nature, which never ſuffers the general effect of the whole to be injured by the too great prominency of the component parts.

Now the foundations are laid, you may ſee at what period of hiſtory the epocha ſhould commence, which unites the general ſurvey of literature with the individual portraits of literary men.

[*To be continued.*]

FOR THE COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

THE following is meant as a connecting link between a ſeries of numbers, formerly publiſhed under the ſame title, and others which may hereafter appear. If from what you may have ſeen, or heard of the paſt, you judge the future worthy a place in your Magazine, a number ſhall be regularly furniſhed each month.

COMMON SENSE IN DISHABILLE. No. 38.

"Dear bought and far fetched is fit for ladies."

WHY then, Mr. *Common Senſe*, do you intrude upon faſhionable readers, your cheap, homeſpun wares?—A truce. If thou art a *faſhionable reader*, then let me tell thee in my plain uncourtly manner, my ſign does not invite thee, nor is thy name on the liſt of my cuſtomers. If thou readeſt any further, charge thy time to thy own folly; it is not my fault. The folly of a faſhionable reader is the moſt incurable of all diſeaſes, ſeated where the brain ſhould be, except that of a faſhionable writer. Both are beyond the preſcriptions of Common Senſe.

Does thy curioſity lead thee further?—Let me urge thee in the name of all that is faſhionable, to turn to thy novels, romances, and Dela Cruſcas. There thou mayeſt behold the harlequin tricks of fancy, and enjoy the puppet-ſhow of ſentiment and thought. The entertainment is "dear bought," if bought at all—"far fetched," from beyond the temperate bounds of human underſtanding and comprehenſion;—and "fit" for thoſe, whoſe pampered taſte is prepared to reliſh it.

The author would not diminiſh the happineſs of any one, not even of the madman. He has no great pretenſions to ſkill; much leſs does he poſſeſs the power of working miracles. His aim in general, is to perſuade the honeſt and induſtrious to purſue their courſe with cheerfulneſs and perſeverance—the healthy, to adhere to the rules of temperance—the needy, to ſet a proper value on time and money—all well diſpoſed people, to prevent regret for the paſt by due improvement of the preſent. Theſe are the utmoſt bounds of his expectations, though not of his wiſhes.

To reform the abandoned, and reclaim the prodigal, requires ſomething more than the "ſmall ſtill voice" of perſuaſion. This is a leſſon that muſt reſult from reflection, and that reflection from adverſity. The wayward child of diſſipation, that is far gone in depravity, muſt "eat huſks with the ſwine," before he will be prepared to aſk and receive an offended father's forgiveneſs, and enjoy

enjoy the innocent luxury of domeſtic happineſs, and temperate feſtivity.

By way of return to my text; theſe luxuries, though neither "dear bought," nor "far fetched," are "fit for ladies," and gentlemen, ſuch as I wiſh to find on the liſt of my readers.

Thus much for the object of my humble eſſays, and the deſcription of people to whom they are addreſſed. Something remains to be ſaid on the manner. In the firſt place, let the author tell thee, unfaſhionable reader, (for ſuch thou art if thou haſt read *Common Senſe in Diſhabille,)* that the ſtyle and manner of thoſe numbers, which appeared two or three years ſince in the *Farmer's Muſeum*, will be adhered to in ſucceeding ones.

In theſe it was his object, to cultivate domeſtic virtue. In future, he will occaſionally uſe his endeavors to prevent the importation of foreign vices and folly. He has drawn the ſame concluſion, reſpecting our moſt contagious diſorders, that is generally received of the yellow fever—that it comes from abroad. In his efforts, he will adhere to a fitter maxim, which, if it have not the ſanction of age, has that of truth—"*An ounce of prevention is worth a ton of remedy.*"

Having ſome predilection for his own country, and not a few of thoſe wild notions peculiar to knights errant of the order of the pen, he has for ſeveral years adopted the hypotheſis that *ideas* are not entirely exotic to our ſoil; and that thoſe, which ſpring up in an Anglo American's mind, are as robuſt and regular featured as though reared beyond the atlantic, and tranſplanted to this country, in all the gaudy ſplendor of *hot preſſes, and ſuperfine vellum.*

And, what will render him more abſurd with many, his prejudice and uncouth taſte are ſo deeply rooted, that he chooſes to ſee theſe ideas in the ſimple unaffected diction, in preference to the fine drapery of modern phraſeology.

"A dear bought, and far fetched" attire "is fit for ladies," and gentlemen on certain occaſions. A profuſion of finery, diſplayed without judgment, or taſte, eſpecially in the ordinary buſineſs of the day, is ridiculous in either ſex. The appearance of the ſloven himſelf is not more reprehenſible. A ſimple, neat, ſtyle of dreſs, for the ſons and daughters of induſtry, is far preferable to either. The ſame remarks by an eaſy analogy, will apply to the *dreſs of thoughts*, and ſhow the author's taſte, or perhaps the want of it.

In their application to ideas, it is his maxim that "dear bought and far fetched" ornaments, are fit only for thoſe of the feminine claſs. Fine-ſpun metaphors, high-wrought expreſſions, and all the ribbons, gauzes, and tinſel, of *fine taſte*, which crowd the modern writer's wardrobe, whether recommended by European extravagance, or imitated by American folly, he utterly diſcards.

His thoughts, reader, come before thee, on buſineſs. They are clothed accordingly. They are literally *early riſers*. The whole number that appear at once, are dreſſed in half the time, that a more ſtyliſh young lady conſumes in diſtorting the graceful ornament with which nature has covered her head, into the imitation of

of that portentous thing, called a *wig*. If thou art a plain, honeſt, well-diſpoſed perſon, he truſts they will meet a welcome reception. If not, they may prove troubleſome companions, and thou art adviſed to ſhut thy door againſt them.

ANECDOTES *of* ILLUSTRIOUS *and* EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS, *perhaps not generally known.*

HANDEL

COMPOSED with ſuch celerity, that many of his beſt overtures were written in three hours each. Of his merit as a muſician, Sir John Hawkins gives this extraordinary teſtimony: "In all theatrical repreſentations, a part only of the audience can judge of the merit of what they ſee and hear; the reſt are drawn together by motives in which neither taſte nor judgment have any ſhare: and with reſpect to Muſic, it is notorious, that the greater number of mankind are deſtitute (though not of hearing, yet) of that ſenſe which, ſuperadded to the hearing, renders it ſuſceptible of the harmony of muſical ſounds; and in times when Muſic was leſs faſhionable than it is now, many of both ſexes were ingenuous enough to confeſs that they wanted this ſenſe, by ſaying, "I have no ear for Muſic." Perſons ſuch as theſe, who, had they been left to themſelves, would have interrupted the hearing of others by their talking, were, *by the performance of Handel*, not only charmed into ſilence, but were generally the loudeſt in their acclamations. This, though it could not be ſaid to be genuine applauſe, was a much ſtronger proof of the power of harmony than the like effect upon an audience compoſed only of judges and rational admirers of his art.

"Mr. Handel uſed to aſſert, that the fineſt melodies uſed in the German churches were compoſed by Luther, particularly that which is ſet to the Hundredth Pſalm.* At a concert in the houſe of Lady Rich, Handel was once prevailed on to ſing a ſlow ſong; which he did in ſuch a manner, that Farrinelli, who was preſent, could hardly be perſuaded to ſing after him."—*Sir J. Hawkins.*

He was a man of great piety. In the latter part of his life he attended St. George's, Hanover-ſquare, and was placed in the middle of the aiſle in his ſedan chair. After he became blind, he was obſerved to be particularly affected at the air of "Return, O God of Hoſts!" in Samſon, and to hold down his head all the time it was ſinging.—Handel did not give the organ to the Foundling Hoſpital. It was built at the expenſe of the Charity, under the direction of Dr. Smith, the learned Maſter of Trinity College, Cambridge, who added demi-tones, &c.

* This Pſalm is the compoſition of an Engliſh Muſician, Dr. Bull, who lived in Queen Elizabeth's time.

&c. and ſome of the niceties not occurring in other organs. It is now as perfect as the inſtrument will admit of, having a double diapaſon, and the touch of the keys being lightened. But to render the old axiom in philoſophy perfect, that *locus conveniat locato*, Mr. Samuel Weſley ſhould have had the management of this King, or rather perhaps *Republic* of Inſtruments.

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

MR. Pope having made a ſong for one of the female performers at the Opera Houſe, on her returning to Italy, Dr. Arbuthnot thus happily and ſarcaſtically burleſqued it:

Puppies, whom I now am leaving,
Merry ſometimes, always mad,
Who laviſh moſt when debts are craving
On food, on farce, and maſquerade!
Who would not from ſuch bubbles run,
And leave ſuch bleſſings for the ſun?*

Happy ſoil and ſimple crew,
Let old ſharpers yield to new;
All your taſtes be ſtill refining,
All your nonſenſe ſtill more ſhining;
Bleſt in ſome Berenſtad or Boſci,
He more awkward, ſhe more huſky,
And never want, when theſe are loſt to us,
Another Heidegger and Fauſtus.
Happy ſoil and ſimple crew,
Let old ſharpers yield to new,
Bubbles all, adieu! adieu!†

THE following Lines on the preſent taſte of public pleaſure in London, appeared a few years ago in the Whitehall Evening Poſt:

——Migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis ad incertos oculos, ac gaudia vana. HOR.

Great Shakſpeare's nature, Otway's tale of woe,
The fire of Dryden, and the pomp of Rowe,
Young's dignity, and Southern's tearful ſtrain,
Solicit now Britannia's ſons in vain.
Jonſon's ſtern humour, Vanbrugh's ſprightly eaſe,
And Congreve's flaſhes now no longer pleaſe.
Purcell's ſoft notes, Corelli's melody,
And Handel, wond'rous maſter to untie
The myſtic charms and bands of Harmony,
With unavailing efforts tempt the ear,
Their varied powers of magic ſounds to hear;
Satiate with excellence, to whim we fly,
And own no ſenſe but the capricious eye;
With tranſport ſee the antic's French grimace,
And geſtures never ſtealing into grace;
The human form, in Nature's high diſdain,
Contorted as in agony of pain;
Th' extended quiv'ring foot with rapture view,
Critics ſublime of Pantomima's ſhoe;
Whilſt with no linked ſweetneſs ſounds combin'd
Paſs through the ear as the impaſſive wind;
Content to torture the divided ſtring,
No taſte, no feeling to the notes we bring;
Mere difficulty's whims alone we prize,
And truth and nature gladly ſacrifice.

HENRY

* During the rebellion of 1745, the Opera-houſe was ſhut up, and then, I think, the prices of the boxes were paid towards the neceſſary expenſes of Government.

† It was once ſaid by an Opera Princeſs to one of her admirers behind the ſcenes, at a full Opera, "Now, were all theſe perſons to go out of the Theatre, who do not underſtand our lauguage, and have no real pleaſure in our muſic, we ſhould ſing to empty benches!"

HENRY THE FOURTH OF FRANCE.

"NO perſon," ſays Péréfixe, "was ſo pleaſed with the peace of Vervins as this excellent Prince, who had this ſpeech continually in his mouth, "That, it being contrary to the laws of Nature and of Chriſtianity to make war for the love of war, a Chriſtian Prince ought never to refuſe to make peace, unleſs it was entirely to his diſadvantage." The Duke of Savoy aſked this Prince one day, what revenue his ſubjects were worth to him. "Exactly what I pleaſe, Sir," replied Henry; "becauſe, poſſeſſing the good-will of my ſubjects, I can have whatever I pleaſe from them; and if God is ſo good as to continue my life a few years longer, I will ſo manage matters, that every peaſant in my dominions ſhall be able to have his fowl in his pot on a Sunday; and I ſhall be rich enough, without applying to them for money, to pay my ſoldiers who are to keep in order all thoſe who refuſe to ſubmit to my authority." To the Intendants and Governors of Provinces he uſed occaſionally to write: "Take great care of my people; they are my children; God has entruſted them to my keeping; I am reſponſible to him for them." "One of the great changes that was made in France," ſays Péréfixe, "by the firm eſtabliſhment of this great Prince upon his throne, was the abolition of idleneſs. All the drones of his kingdom," adds he, "were turned into bees, and made excellent honey. Idleneſs became diſgraceful, and was looked upon as a crime, in the true ſpirit of the old proverb, which ſays that 'idleneſs is the mother of all vice.' A mind that will not take pains to occupy itſelf ſeriouſly, is uſeleſs to itſelf and pernicious to the public; for that reaſon the officers of the police made their ſearch after the idle and the diſſolute, the vagabonds, and men without any regular calling, and ſent them off to ſerve his Majeſty in his gallies, and obliged them to work in the very deſpite of themſelves."

SIGNOR RAIMONDI.

VIRTUE is of no particular profeſſion; it depends upon the degree of cultivation that is given to it in every ſoul of the mind. The honeſt Tax-gatherer is handed down to us from antiquity; and the humane behaviour of Mr. Akerman and of Mr. Kirby to the priſoners entruſted to their care has immortalized them. Muſical performers have been rather famous, perhaps, for their talents than for their graces; and it is reſerved to our times, to give as eminent an example of ſelf-denial and generous diſintereſted affection, in one of our preſent celebrated violin players, as ever honoured any country.

Signor Raimondi, when he was in Holland ſome years ago, was much attached to an agreeable young Lady of that country, with a fortune of twenty thouſand pounds. She was equally attached to him, and a day was appointed for their nuptials. Before they could, however, take place, the young Lady died, and left all that ſhe was worth to Signor Raimondi. Soon after her funeral, he waited upon the neareſt relations of his generous and beloved friend,

friend, and by a formal renunciation, made over to them all the fortune ſhe had left him; adding, that without her perſon, it could contribute no happineſs or comfort to him. This ſtory was related by that able negociator, Lord Malmſbury, when he came from Holland, ſome years ago.

Virtuous and ſelf-approving curioſity may, perhaps, be anxious to know in what ſituation this virtuous and celebrated Muſician is now. The Signor has for many years played, and often led, at the beſt concerts in London, with great applauſe; he compoſed, ſome years ago, that exquiſite piece of muſic called "The Battle."

DIDEROT

SAYS of Painting, "The immenſity of the labour that is required of it, renders painters negligent. Which of our painters takes any pains to finiſh his feet and his hands? He attends," adds he, "to the general effect, and theſe little details are nothing. This, indeed, was not the opinion of that great painter, Paul Veroneſe, but it is his, ſo he acts accordingly, and almoſt all the great compoſitions are defective. Pierre the painter ſaid one day, "Why cannot our hiſtorical painters paint portrait? It is becauſe it is ſo difficult." Yet Raphael, Rubens, Vandyck, Le Sueur, and Pouſſin, painted both, one as well as the other."

VIRTUE's EPITAPH on one of her LEARNED SONS.

HOW ſweet thy ſleep, my votive ſon!
How true thy dream of future bliſs!
Though Science claims thee for her own,
'Tis I that gain'd thee happineſs.

The SPEECH *of* SIR NASH GROSE, *on pronouncing* SENTENCE *on* GILBERT WAKEFIELD, *in the* COURT *of* KING's BENCH, *May* 30, 1799, *convicted of publiſhing a* LIBEL.

"GILBERT WAKEFIELD, you ſtand here convicted, and to receive ſentence for having written a book moſt pernicious in its tendency to the inhabitants of this kingdom, diſgraceful to an author, who has been educated, and has lived under the protection of its laws, and ſtill more ſo to a man who is a miniſter of its eccleſiaſtical eſtabliſhment. To repeat its contents, however gratifying it might be to you, would notwithſtanding be offenſive to the greater part of thoſe who hear me. It is enough for me to obſerve, that the epithets which the Attorney-General has given to it, and the intention which is imputed to you in this work, has by different juries, been found on oath to be true, namely, that the work has been found to be malevolent and ſeditious: that one great end it ſeems to have anſwered was, to traduce, vilify, and bring into contempt the Conſtitution of this kingdom, the King's adminiſtration of the government, and the perſons employed by him in that adminiſtration, and thereby to withdraw from

from his Majeſty the affection and allegiance of his ſubjects. That the other great end is to diſſuade and diſcourage thoſe ſubjects from oppoſing the enemy in caſe of an hoſtile invaſion, that is, to invite the enemy to land 60 or 70,000 men in this kingdom, whereby your opinion is, the kingdom would be loſt forever. Such is the crime of which you have been convicted. The evidence which was read abundantly warrants that conviction. In your addreſs in mitigation of the judgment of the Court, you ſeem to glory in having committed the offence, and claim on your behalf a right to ſpeak your opinion. That right you have, and may exerciſe it ſo long as it is exerciſed in a manner, and in terms conformable to the law of the land, inoffenſive to that ſociety of which you are a member, and to the individuals, who, with yourſelf, compoſe that ſociety. In the eye of the law, the enormity of your offence ſtands confeſſed; and it is very great, inaſmuch as it ſtrikes at the root of all government and all civil ſociety. It is impoſſible any ſociety can exiſt in ſafety, in which the members of it may with impunity libel the kingdom, and vilify that Conſtitution by which it is cemented, and which will be an encouragement to its inveterate enemy to effect its total ſubverſion. I mean not, however, to comment at length on the compoſition or pernicious tendency of the work. I ſhould lament if any thing which I may ſay ſhould weaken, I do not flatter myſelf I can add to, thoſe excellent obſervations already made, which are ſtill in the memory of every one, and which have been ſo ably, ſo aptly, and ſo eloquently urged. The aggravation of your crime is, that you are an Engliſhman; that, profeſſing to be a Chriſtian, you are of one of the eſtabliſhed orders of the government; that you ſhould be a Miniſter of the Goſpel, ordained to preach that, which in your ſpeech, for pitiful purpoſes, you affect to enforce—peace and good will. Recollecting you to be an Engliſhman, it is impoſſible for the inhabitants of this country to read without horror, your recommendation to Engliſhmen not to reſiſt that moſt inveterate enemy, who have profeſſedly waged againſt them a war, not of commerce, aggrandizement, or of religion, but a war of extermination. Their object is the complete deſtruction of England, as they have openly proclaimed in their Senate, by that notable denunciation, DELENDA EST CARTHAGO!—He that endeavours to perſuade us not to reſiſt ſuch an enemy, invites that enemy. Your conduct as a chriſtian is not leſs offenſive and alarming. You invite to theſe ſhores 60 or 70,000 men, the inhabitants of that country, who, within ten ſhort years, have profeſſed to be Catholics, Deiſts, Atheiſts, and true Muſſulmen: men who have abjured their God, trampled upon their altars, execrated their prieſts, and murdered their King. I know not how to reconcile what is your duty to preach, with that which you have written and publiſhed. Your addreſs to this Court abounded with that doctrine, and you ſeemed as if deſirous to enforce it, and yet nothing can be more repugnant to

thoſe

thoſe divine precepts, than the character, the invitation, and introduction of men into this country, who have carried confuſion and anarchy, poverty and deſolation, into the land of their enemies; who have attacked and laid waſte countries who ſuppoſed themſelves to be in amity with them—who have conſidered nations as their enemies for no other reaſon but becauſe they had not waged war with Great Britain. Examining their conduct in Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, and Egypt, I have in them no proof of peace and good will; and yet theſe are the men (though you would wiſh it to be underſtood that you are an advocate for peace and good will) that you invite into this country. You ſay your only motive and intention in writing this pamphlet was to ſcatter around us the bleſſings of liberty, of humanity, and the goſpel. If we compare your conduct with your ſpeech, it is impoſſible you can be ſincere in your profeſſions contained in it, and alſo in your work, which invites into this country, a number of men, whoſe avowed object it is to ſubvert our Conſtitution, to plunder our country, and to extirpate its inhabitants. Your ſpeech affects to breathe peace and good will to all men. However, from ſome parts of it, men may be inclined to conſider it as proceeding from the viſions of a deluded imagination; yet if we go, as we muſt, by the verdict of the jury, your pamphlet is malicious, wicked, and ſeditious. Your ſpeech has a direct contrary tendency. In that part of your pamphlet, where you ſpeculate on what you call an Alteration, you aſſert, on that ſpeculation, that all the difference the Engliſh would feel, would be the name of their Sovereign. Look into the countries that nation has deſolated—look into their own country, if nothing has been loſt but the name of their Sovereign. Have they not loſt the bleſſings that accompanied that name, and the influence of him who bore it? They have baniſhed their arts, their commerce, their liberty, their religion. Theſe are the bleſſings which England yet enjoys, and which the alteration you have mentioned, with 70,000 men brought into the country to effectuate it, would effectually baniſh from this kingdom. Your words are theſe:—"This kingdom would be loſt forever." In one part of your addreſs, which is directed to our compaſſion, we learn, that in your puniſhment muſt neceſſarily be involved thoſe who have committed no offence—your children. The Court will ever lament that the innocent ſhould ſuffer with the guilty. Such, however, is the preſent ſtate of human affairs, that in inflicting puniſhment, that is, and muſt frequently be the unavoidable conſequence. Lamenting this, I ſtill more lament, that before you ſent this miſchievous production into the world, it had never occurred to you, that the future happineſs of your children was involved in your conduct, and that your duty and affection to them, however little you felt for your country, had not led you to ſuppreſs a work that might involve them, as well as yourſelf, in miſery and ruin. Thus you would have

ſpared

ſpared the country the neceſſity of this proſecution, yourſelf your preſent diſgraceful ſituation, and me the painful taſk of paſſing ſentence on a man whoſe talents, whoſe learning, and education, in the opinion of thoſe who are eminently fitted to judge of literary merit, might have proved an ornament and a bleſſing to the nation. We have deemed it our duty to conſider whether a puniſhment in this caſe, proportioned to the magnitude of the offence, might not be attended with perpetual impriſonment. The firſt great object of puniſhment is, example—the next is, the correction of the offender. It is never the wiſh of the Court to doom men to perpetual impriſonment, unleſs the law has impoſed that painful duty upon them.

" The Court, taking into their conſideration all the circumſtances of your caſe, doth order and adjudge, that for this offence you be impriſoned in his Majeſty's jail of Dorcheſter, for the county of Dorſet, for the ſpace of two years, and that you give ſecurity for your good behaviour for the term of five years, to be computed from the expiration of that term, yourſelf in the ſum of 500l. with two ſufficient ſureties in 250l. each, and that you be farther impriſoned till ſuch ſureties be given. And may the hours of your impriſonment produce contrition and ſincere repentance! And may the remainder of your life exhibit one uniform ſcene of atonement for the offence you have committed to your King, your Country, and your God!"

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE *of the* EXTRAORDINARY SUFFERINGS *and* PRESERVATION *of Mrs.* ELIZABETH WOODCOCK; *who, after being buried in the Snow eight Days and Nights, was taken up alive, in the full Poſſeſſion of her mental Faculties.*

ON Saturday, Feb. 2, 1799, Elizabeth Woodcock, the wife of a cottager at Impington, in England, was returning home, which was about three miles off, from Cambrige market. Being in the duſk, and darkneſs rendered ſtill more terrible from the ſeverity of as ſtormy a night as has ever been experienced, her horſe breaking from her, ſhe loſt her way, and was buried under the ſnow, from the 2d to the 10th of the month; and, after an interval of eight nights and eight days, was found alive, with every mental faculty unimpaired, but had loſt the uſe of her feet, which appear to be in a ſtate of mortification.

As it is a caſe which human nature has ſeldom experienced, and indeed which it may hardly by ſome be thought capable of ſuſtaining, it is thought proper to give the public ſome of the particulars, by a perſon who has ſeen the pit whence this unfortunate woman

woman was extricated—who has had his information from the object of it herſelf (which ſhe is quite capable of detailing)—and who has had every other information on the ſubject from the two gentlemen who firſt found her.

Let Philoſophy ſmile with pity or contempt on our weakneſs, yet the ſuperintendence of a *particular* PROVIDENCE, interfering by *ſecond cauſes*, is ſo flattering to human nature, and ſo much needed even by the proud and ſelf-ſufficient ſtoic, that we cannot relinquiſh the darling privilege; but muſt keep it in ſight from the beginning to the end of our narration.

On the Saturday night ſucceeding that on which Mrs. Woodcock was loſt, a Mr. Munſey, of the ſame village, had very ſtrong impreſſions in a dream, that there was a hare under a certain hedge, buried in the ſnow. In his walk therefore to Cambridge the following day, in paſſing within twenty yards of the fence, the circumſtance occurred to him. A handkerchief, which the diſtreſſed recluſe had thruſt upwards through the ſurface, drew his eye to this particular ſpot. However, if it had not been for his *providential ſuggeſtions* concerning the hare, this ſignal might not have led to a very different and moſt happy diſcovery. For curioſity had been juſt ſo much awakened as to bring him near enough to perceive a ſmall tunnel through the ſnow, made by the breath, which revived in his mind his dream concerning the hare. And a ſportſman will eaſily perceive the analogy, ſince he knows that when a hare is couched among the ſnow, there is always an opening to the ſurface for breathing. Prepoſſeſſed with this idea, he drew near with caution; and by that precaution, he thought he diſtinguiſhed the ſighs of a perſon as in prayer. On which he beckoned to the ſon of Mr. Merrington and a ſhepherd, who were fortunately near, but who, on the firſt mention of the circumſtance, diſcredited it: however, on his perſiſting that ſhe was there, "and alive too!" they advanced, and were convinced; and immediately ran for Mr. Merrington's father, who quickly attended with a cart, blankets, &c.; and as they removed the ſnow, they perceived this unfortunate woman's head. She inſtantly recogniſed them, and ſnatching Mr. Merrington's hand in ecſtacy, would not quit her hold but with reluctance. On her entreating ſome nouriſhment, that Gentleman gave her a piece of biſcuit, and (with due precaution) only two tea-ſpoonfuls of brandy, when ſhe exclaimed, "O! this comforts me:" but, in removing her, ſhe nearly fainted.

The account ſhe gives of herſelf is ſo full of the ſimplicity of nature, and gratitude to that Providence, whom, ſhe ſays, even in her bittereſt moments, ſhe never diſtruſted, that it cannot be repeated without loſing its effect. Her feelings, or rather her agonies, were indeed exquiſite, when, during the many ſearches that were made, ſhe heard the trampling of human feet at no great diſtance, and even diſtinguiſhed her huſband's ſympathiſing voice, without being able to expreſs her ſituation. The duties of religion, that great and laſt reſource, ſhe ſays, were her conſtant employment;

ment; for ſhe was all reſignation. She tells her liſtening friends, if it pleaſe her MAKER to reſtore her, this ſcourge of affliction from HIM ſhall influence her future conduct, exemplified in gratitude and praiſe. Having an almanack in her pocket, which ſhe had bought at the market, ſhe conſulted it to know when ſhe was to have ſolace from the moonlight. She pulled off two rings from her fingers, and put them and a one pound note into her nutmeg-grater; and ſays, ſhe frequently ſaw a beautiful white dove hovering around her. Both the Sundays of her entombment, ſhe heard the bells of her village (which was only half a mile diſtant) calling her ruſtic friends to church. She, no doubt, would ſtill congeal her icy manſion with a tear, at thinking ſhe only could obey their ſolemn ſummons, when they chimed her to her grave. However, ſhe terms her more than ſubterraneous dwelling "a beautiful little ark;" and, moreover, that ſhe was preſently inſenſible to any pain but the cravings of appetite. This ſhe gratified, with eating the hardeſt morſels of ſnow ſhe could get with the hand, of which ſhe ſtill poſſeſſed the uſe.

She thinks ſhe could have lived only twenty-four hours longer; but of this, perhaps, ſhe is no judge: for the ſnow not only befriended her in food, but kept out the fatal ſeverity of the froſt, in what ſhe gratefully calls, the "beautiful little ark."

We hear this remarkable circumſtance is to be matter of ſpeculation for the Royal Society.

Nothing can be more applicable than ſome beautiful lines from Thomſon's "Winter:"

——How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what ſorrow fills his heart,
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing through the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte!
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,
With every tempeſt howling o'er his head,
He ſtaggers on, till down at laſt he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
His wife, his children, and his friends, unſeen!
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair blazing, and the veſtment warm.
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their ſire
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife nor children more ſhall he behold.
The deadly winter, ſeizing, ſhuts up ſenſe,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe,
Stretch'd out and bleaching in the northern blaſt.

To the EDITOR *of the* COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

SIR,

HAVING found the two following relations among the papers of a deceaſed friend, which were wrote upon as real facts, your inſerting them may not be unentertaining to ſome of your readers.

I am, yours, &c. S. N.

TWO gentlemen of Genoa alighted at an inn, and obſerving a young woman ſitting very penſive at the kitchen fire, one of the gentlemen aſked her, was ſhe married? to which ſhe made no reply, but went away in a ſeeming pet. She was remarkably beautiful, and they aſked the hoſt about her, who ſaid ſhe was his niece, and that ſhe had been lately very much diſtreſſed by the continued viſits of an apparition, who entered every room in the houſe though the doors were locked. One of the gentlemen laughed, and the hoſt told him it was too ſerious for ridicule, and deſired he might that very night be an ear and eye-witneſs of the truth of it; to which he conſenting, begged it might be kept a ſecret to all except his friend and the young woman. Matters being thus ſettled, the young woman was called, and the young gentleman inquired of her in what manner the apparition addreſſed her, whether it ſpoke, how many times it had appeared, and in what addreſs? To which ſhe made anſwer, that its addreſs was firſt very courteous, but of late menacing; that its chief requeſt was to lie with her, in order to beget a child, which ſhould convert the whole world to the Roman perſuaſion; that ſhe had ſhifted from room to room, but in vain, for that it opened every door in the houſe; that it had appeared eight nights ſucceſſively in the ſame dreſs, which was like a flame of fire in an angel's form, and that ſhe could plainly diſtinguiſh the wings; that ſhe had one night perſuaded a young woman to lie with her, who was ſo terriſied at the appearance, that ſhe never could ſince obtain that favour from her or any other: She declared, that her life was miſerable, and her caſe the moſt ſingular and perplexed that ever happened. She had, in her confeſſion to the Prieſt, told it him in a very circumſtantial detail of every the minuteſt particular; that he ſaid, it was nothing but an over-heated imagination, a whim, a fancy, and what not, but that on her having lately reported it to him, and made her caſe public, he had thought more ſeriouſly of the affair, and adviſed her to comply, let the event be what it would; that ſhe dreaded the thoughts of compliance, as ſhe did not know but it might be the devil, who had aſſumed that angelic form.

To this declaration the gentlemen very attentively liſtened, and offered to ſit up, in or near her room that night, if ſhe would permit them. She thanked them, and accepted of their ſervice.

There was a cloſet inſide the room ſhe was to lie in that night, whither they conveyed themſelves with

with a caſe of piſtols. The young woman went into her bed, and the apparition, at the hour of twelve, unlocked the chamber door, though ſhe had taken the key in. There was no light in the chamber, and the room ſeemed in flames at the entrance of the apparition, who opened the curtain at the bed's foot, and ſaid, "Oh, Elizabeth, daughter of grace, how long wilt thou be obſtinate? Comply with the divine command, and thou ſhalt be the happieſt of women. Thou art a choſen veſſel, and from thee ſhall iſſue a ſon, who ſhall convert the heretic world to the Roman religion." The gentlemen were at firſt ſuſpended how to act, and one of them haſtily took up a piſtol, and would have ſhot the ghoſt, had not the other ſtopped him, at the ſame time ſeizing the apparition, and threatening it with immediate death if it did not confeſs the whole contrivance. The gentleman found in his hands a creature completely armed in paſteboard coat of mail, the wings were paſteboard, and they diſcovered the dreſs to be rubbed all over with phoſphorus. The family came in and detected in this angelic form a prieſt, who had taken this ſanctified method to ſatisfy his carnal deſires. They promulgated his ſhame the next morning, and he abſconded, tranſporting himſelf and his villany to ſome other kingdom.

The Earl of S—— travelling incog. through France, came to an inn on the road where the Landlord, among other converſation, told him of an old caſtle, near his houſe, that was haunted, and that ſeveral who had raſhly ventured to go thither, had never ſince been heard of. "Then, ſays the Earl, you will never more hear of me, for I intend to go to the caſtle, and ſpend the night there. Whether I return or not, let me have a bottle of wine with me, and a boy to ſhew me the way." The hoſt ſhewed him to the caſtle, at the ſame time delivered him the bottle of wine, and bid him a good night. It was not long before an apparition in black, reſembling that form in which we repreſent a devil, appeared. The Earl offered him a glaſs of wine, which the other declined, waving him to follow him. The Earl complied, and laying down the bottle and glaſs, accompanied Maſter Lucifer through a winding gallery. The devil had a lantern, and when the Earl had arrived at the end of the gallery, the devil rung a bell and ſtopped, when both he and the Earl were ſuddenly let down by a trap-door to the bottom of the caſtle. The devil walked off with the light, and left the Earl diſconſolate, not being able to diſcover which way to get out; at length, groping, he touched an iron rail, which conducted him up a flight of ſtone ſteps, which he aſcended, and heard men diſputing very warmly concerning himſelf. Let him go the way of all fleſh, ſays one.—Aye, aye, ſays another, dead men tell no tales. By heaven, ſays the third, I'll break your nob if you but think of it; I know him, and ſerved under him; he's a brave worthy general, and is no leſs than the Earl of S——. The Earl then knocked at the door, and being admitted, gave them his purſe, and promiſed to keep the

the matter ſecret, till he returned to England. He was diſmiſſed, and returned to the inn, where the landlord was more ſurpriſed at his return, than he was joyful at his eſcape, reſerving to himſelf the myſtery of it, and leaving the landlord to unravel it.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

SIR,

I SEND you incloſed the POLITICAL REVIEW, No. II. With your permiſſion, I ſhall continue the numbers. A LITERARY REVIEW, well conducted, would, I think, be of great importance to the public, and your work. My avocations would prevent me from being punctual in this department; and were my abilities adequate to its ſupport, my diſtance from the metropolis in which your magazine is publiſhed, and general unacquaintance with the great variety of publications in New-England, would preclude me from a taſk, which in my opinion might be attended with the beſt conſequences, and which I ſhould not decline, but for the reaſons I have mentioned.

As a diſtant and unknown friend to you, a well wiſher to the cauſe of literature, and one who deems it of infinite importance to the public weal, I ſhall take the liberty to ſuggeſt to you as an Editor, the propriety, if not the neceſſity, in a Literary Magazine, of having this department regularly and ably filled by ſome gentleman or gentlemen in your vicinity, of impartiality, diſcernment, and independence of mind. Such there are in Boſton. I hope you and the public will reap the fruit of their labours. Mine under this head, will be but occaſional. Yours, &c.

UNION.

THE LITERARY REVIEW. No. II.

A SUMMARY HISTORY OF NEW-ENGLAND, from the firſt Settlement at Plymouth, to the acceptance of the Federal Conſtitution, comprehending a general ſketch of the American War, by HANNAH ADAMS.

[1 Vol. 8vo. Dedham, Maſſachuſetts, H. Mann.]

THE value and importance of a work, like this under conſideration, depends greatly, if not altogether, upon its accuracy in dates and the relation of tranſactions with fidelity and temper: This is a ſpecies of writing, in which genius is leſs neceſſary than judgment, though we would not be underſtood as inſinuating, that Miſs Hannah Adams is very deficient in either of thoſe qualifications.

It

It gives every generous mind, more ſatisfaction to praiſe than cenſure, but to attach any ſtrength or durability to that praiſe, it muſt be given with caution, and directed with ſkill: it will be our pride to take every warrantable occaſion, to ſuſtain the cauſe of literature, in this young nation, ſo far as lies within our weak ability; and to make this work an incitement to public trials at compoſition, in proſe and poetry, as well as a liberal record of the merit of works, originating and publiſhed in the United States.

Our fair author has commenced her work, with the diſcovery of this continent, by Columbus; and continued the Hiſtory of America in general, and New-England in particular, to the acceptance of the Federal Compact, in a ſeries of narration, in which are detailed, all the great and memorable occurrences, which have happened, in that intermediate and buſy ſpace of time: and ſhe is entitled to much credit, for the candid and diſpaſſionate manner, in which they are related; ſhe views atrocity, brutality, and treachery, with proper ſentiments of indignation; but ſhe takes eſpecial care, that her reſentments, as an individual, ſhall not be detrimental to her dignity as an hiſtorian: to an act of patriotiſm, ſhe annexes becoming commendation, and her applauſes have due force, as they are accompanied by moderation, and tenderneſs, and modeſty.

Miſs Adams has conducted the eſſential part of this work, which depends upon compilation and ſelection, with much addreſs: it is evident, were it not acknowledged by herſelf, that ſhe has made free and proper uſe of all the authorities, that have been given to the public, upon the ſubject of American affairs; and a curſory but correct view is taken, of the progreſs of her eſtabliſhments, laws, and morals; while under the dominion of the crown of Great-Britain, and ſince her glorious emancipation. She has occaſionally and aptly extracted the eſſence of deſcription, from *Belknap's* Hiſtory of New-Hampſhire; *Trumbull's* Hiſtory of Connecticut; *Ramſay's* Hiſtory of the American Revolution; *Gordon's* Hiſtory of the American War; *Minot's* Hiſtory of the Inſurrection, and his continuation of *Hutchinſon*; *Williams's* Hiſtory of Vermont; *Sullivan's* Hiſtory of the Diſtrict of Maine; *Morſe's* Geography, &c. and in abridging certain parts of theſe able performances, ſhe has preſented an aſſemblage of hiſtorical facts, which every perſon ſhould be thoroughly acquainted with who reſides in America, for their peculiar information and gratification; and which all tranſ-atlantic perſons ſhould know, as forming a conciſe ſtatement of the manners and viciſſitudes of the new world.

As a ſpecimen of the ſtyle of this performance, we have ſelected the following paſſage; and particularly as it relates to the town and vicinity of Boſton.

"THE inhabitants of Boſton, who had hitherto lived in affluence, were, by the bill for blocking up their port, deprived of all means of ſubſiſtence. They ſuſtained this fatal blow with inflexible fortitude; and their determination

termination to perſiſt in the ſame line of conduct, which had been the occaſion of their ſufferings, was unabated.

"Liberal contributions for the diſtreſſes of the Boſtonians, had been raiſed through America: and they were regarded as ſufferers for the common cauſe of liberty. The inhabitants of Salem, in an addreſs to Governor Gage, concluded with theſe noble and diſintereſted expreſſions: By ſhutting up the port of Boſton, ſome imagine that the courſe of trade might be turned hither, and to our benefit. But nature, in the formation of our harbour, forbids our becoming rivals in commerce with that convenient mart: and were it otherwiſe, we muſt be dead to every idea of juſtice, and loſt to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge the thought of ſeizing on wealth, and raiſing our fortunes on the ruins of our ſuffering neighbours.

"The people of Marblehead generouſly offered the merchants of Boſton the uſe of their harbour, wharves, warehouſes, and alſo their perſonal attendance on the lading and unlading of their goods, free from all expenſe: the Boſtonians were, by theſe meaſures, encouraged and ſupported in their oppoſition to Britiſh tyranny."

Having preſented this example of her ſentiment and ſpirit, which is commendable in both inſtances, we ſhall take our leave of this author, for the preſent; in our next number, we ſhall comment on ſome points of her orthography, which is unqueſtionably more pure than is to be commonly found, even in ſome example of much celebrity and learning.

(To be continued.)

To the CONDUCTOR of the COLUMBIAN PHENIX.

Sir,

AS Mr. Noah Webster has taken public notice of a luminous appearance in the atmoſphere, which occurred a few weeks ſince, and was ſeen in New-Haven, &c. to the malignant influence of which he attributes the late peſtilential viſitations on the continent; and by which prodigious diſcovery, he has frightened ſeveral very reſpectable and credulous families in my neighbourhood—I beg leave, through the channel of your very valuable publication, to reſtore quiet to their agitated minds, by communicating a brief account of an alarm that took place in London, from an apprehenſion ſomewhat ſimilar, and equally well aſcertained: I muſt confeſs that I am not ſo philoſophically profound, as to ſee a man in the moon, nor a comet in a coruſcation; yet I have wit enough, thank Heaven, to keep out of a ditch, and can ſee as far into a mill-ſtone as another.

I am, Sir, your admirer, and all that,

EZEKIEL RISIBLE.

Hartford, Feb. 20, 1800.

IN

IN the year 1712, Mr. Whiſton having calculated the return of a comet, which was to make its firſt appearance on Wedneſday the 14th of Oct. at 5 minutes after 5 in the morning, gave notice to the public accordingly, with this terrifying addition, that a total diſſolution of the world by fire, was to take place on the Friday following. The reputation Mr. Whiſton had long maintained in England, both as a divine and a philoſopher, left little or no doubt with the populace of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events now took place. A number of perſons in and about London, ſeized all the barges and boats they could lay hands on in the Thames, very rationally concluding, that when the conflagration took place, there would be the moſt ſafety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayer for better than five years, informed his wife, that it was his determination to reſume that laudable practice the ſame evening; but his wife having engaged a ball at her houſe, perſuaded her huſband to put it off till they ſaw whether the comet appeared or not—The South Sea Stock immediately fell to 5 per cent, and the India to 11; and the captain of a Dutch ſhip threw all his powder into the river, that the ſhip might not be endangered.

The next morning, however, the comet appeared, according to the prediction, and before noon the belief was univerſal, that the day of judgment was at hand. About this time 123 clergymen were ferried over to Lambeth, it was ſaid, to petition that a ſhort prayer might be penned and ordered, there being none in the church ſervice on that occaſion. Three maids of honour burnt their collections of novels and plays, and ſent to a bookſeller's to buy each of them a Bible, and Biſhop Taylor's Holy Living and Dying. The run upon the Bank was ſo prodigious, that all hands were employed from morning till night in diſcounting notes, and handing out ſpecie. On Thurſday, conſiderably more than 7000 kept miſtreſſes were legally married, in the face of ſeveral congregations. And to crown the whole farce, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at that time head director of the Bank, iſſued orders to all the fire offices in London, requiring them "to keep a good look out, and have a particular eye upon the Bank of England."

THE EAGLE. No. IV.

OUR countrymen are generally repreſented by Europeans, as a people, illiterate, and void of taſte, whoſe genius excels in ſtriking a bargain, and whoſe common purſuit is the acquiſition of gain. We are taught by ſome foreigners of diſtinction, and our moſt eminent characters at home, to conſider ourſelves, as "the moſt enlightened nation on earth."

Let us ſee which of theſe differ-

ferent opinions is the beſt founded. The character of the elder nations of the world, eſpecially in point of ſcience, is formed from a very ſmall portion of the individuals which compoſe them. Take a view of the ſtate of ſcience in thoſe, who boaſt its higheſt cultivation: Their diſtinguiſhed ſcholars, philoſophers, and poets, compared with the vaſt number, which Horace calls the *profanum vulgus*, exhibit the unnatural ſight, of now and then a tall cedar, a venerable oak, and exuberant willow, aſtoniſhing the eye at a diſtance; with the deceptive appearance of a luxuriant foreſt, but which are found, on nearer approach, to be thinly tranſperſed over an extenſive heath, whoſe barren ſoil ſcarcely affords nutriment to the humble ſhrubs that cover its ſurface.

A Newton, Young, Johnſon, Pope, Addiſon, Hume, Bolingbroke, and a few other literary giants at the commencement and middle of the preſent century, gave the name of great ſcholars, to ſeven million pigmies in ſcience; and of an enlightened people, to a nation, the greater part of whom, were far more ignorant than the poorer and leaſt informed claſs of American citizens.

To draw a right concluſion, and form a juſt compariſon of our literary character with other nations, we muſt take into conſideration the general diffuſion of knowledge, among every claſs of people, and the peculiar genius of American ſcience. In moſt countries, ſcience, wealth and honours, are engroſſed by a comparative few. With us, not only our habits, manners, and laws, but our literature, partake of the ſpirit of republicaniſm; and lead, as far as the order of things, and the nature of man will permit, to an equal diſtribution of honours, wealth, and knowledge.

Whatever ignorance may have conceived, or prejudice aſſerted, Americans are not more diſtinguiſhed for avarice, and low arts in purſuit of gain, than by a laudable thirſt, and noble emulation for the acquirement of the greateſt ornament of art, and the higheſt perfection of nature, a good education. Nor have they honoured themſelves more by that perſevering ſpirit of induſtry, and unbounded enterprize, which within two centuries, has changed a continent, from a wild foreſt, to a cultivated field; adorned its ſhores with numerous ſeaports, and enriched its States with an extenſive commerce to every part of the world; than by an equally rapid improvement in the uſeful arts, and a landable attention to private and public inſtitutions for cultivating the mind, and diffuſing knowledge among every claſs of citizens.

Perhaps no country on the face of the earth can boaſt of a larger proportion of inhabitants, verſed in the rudiments of ſcience, or fewer, who are not able to read and write their names, than the United States of America. This general diſtribution of uſeful knowledge and competency, ſhared by almoſt every individual, is the beſt ſecurity of moral virtue; the ſtrongeſt tie of ſocial order, and the firmeſt pillar of a republican government.

Yet this fair and honourable trait of our national character, has been entirely overlooked by foreign

eign and domeſtic pedants, who view every thing with a malignant eye, that does not flatter their own vanity; and think every thing out of joint, that does not bend to their own wiſhes.

The literary epicure, having no reliſh for our ſimple and nutritive fare, has turned away diſguſted, becauſe we have not ſpread before him the luxuries of learning. And the ignorant dolt, having neither appetite nor digeſtion, has never learned how to appreciate that wholeſome, common food which nouriſhes and invigorates, without ſurfeiting, the mind of every American, and is the faireſt production and nobleſt ornament of our country.

In Europe, the mode and means of education tend to partial perfection; ours to general improvement. Their ſcience, unequally diſtributed as it is, may be compared to the expanſe of heaven; diſplaying now and then a dazzling meteor, but covered with a vapour, which hides the numerous ſtars of inferiour order: while the comparative few, of the firſt magnitude, appear more conſpicuous from the miſt which ſurrounds them. Ours is the clear hemiſphere of a ſerene night, exhibiting in all its parts, ſtars of various magnitudes, diffuſing their beams in every direction, without a ſun to eclipſe their glory; a cloud to veil their mild luſtre; or a comet to dart its baleful fires.

THE WANDERER.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas
Corpora —— OVID.

Of bodies changed to various forms I ſing. DRYDEN.

I HAVE been always pleaſed with that fiction of the poets, which marked the different degrees of human excellence by the different metals, and have lately amuſed myſelf with the queſtion, whether the ſtate of female manners may not be denoted in the ſame way, and at ſeparate ſtages reſolved into Gold, Silver, Iron, or Braſs? The queſtion has at leaſt novelty to recommend it, and may perhaps in future call forth the powers of ſome more ingenious inveſtigator.

In the laſt century, the education of women, whether proceeding from barbarity or policy, was ſuch as ſcarcely to entitle them to the character of rational beings. Writing and reading were qualifications reſpectable from their rarity; but the Arts and Sciences were thought objects ſo much beyond the reach of their intellects, that it was thought preſumptuous in a female even to name them. The few ſhining exceptions that were fortunate enough to burſt through the barriers of prejudice, could not boaſt of exciting either admiration or eſteem, but were rather looked upon as *luſus naturæ*; as a warning rather than an example.

ple. It is obſervable, that at this period female excellence was ſuppoſed entirely to conſiſt in managing the affairs of the kitchen. A lady knew of an admirable receipt to make Marmalade, but perhaps could not ſpell the words of which it was compoſed; and could ſet an excellent dinner on the table, when the vulgarity of her converſation rendered her unfit for ſitting at the head of it. The needle was the ceaſeleſs inſtrument employed by that hand, which now wields the pen; books (if we except The Family Phyſician, The Complete Houſe-Keeper, and a few more of a ſimilar tendency) were held in abhorrence, as ſtopping the labours of the needle or the wheel, and filling their heads with idle nonſenſe. Love, that natural paſſion of the heart, was bound in ſevere ſubjection; "his weapons blunted, and extinct his fires." The lover paſſed through a probation little ſhort of the ſufferings of the renowned Oroondates. The lady, with every look and motion watched, was thought a mere child till five-and-twenty, and the ſighing ſwain made his approaches with all the tardineſs and regularity of a ſiege. This era of female manners, when deſpotic man lorded it over the ſuffering ſex; when women were taught every thing that could make them menially uſeful, and nothing that could make them rationally agreeable, and duty was the only leſſon enforced, may properly be denominated the *Iron Age* of the female ſex.

In proceſs of time this quaker-like ſtiffneſs abated; women were weary of acting the part of ſervants, and men found that a wife might be very dutiful and very dull. They now, in a ſecret manner, mingled with the pleaſures of the town; they frequented plays, where it had hitherto been conſidered infamous for women to be ſeen, but cautiouſly made their appearance muffled up and concealed in a hood and maſk. They ventured to walk out, attended by their maid, and would even appoint a lover in ſome retired part of St. James's park. Love aſſailed their willing hearts in ſerenades and poems; their moſt trivial actions were magnified in hyperbolical poetry, and the humble ſuitor taught his miſtreſs to believe that her frowns killed, and her ſmiles revived him. This was the *Silver Age* of woman. The tuneful tribe dignified while they celebrated the beauty of the other ſex, who on their part found modeſty the moſt effectual female charm. The artleſs felt, and the hypocritical feigned it.

The Age of Iron and the Age of Silver having each for a while reigned in this our changeable kingdom, it was thought adviſeable by thoſe mighty though ſecret beings who mould female faſhions, that a third race of beings ſhould give the law to ſociety. They at firſt had ſome thoughts of reviving the Iron Age or Age of Duty, but it was diſcovered that the trouble and renewed ſubjection attendant on ſuch a ſcheme, would more than counterbalance the fame which its novelty would be calculated to produce. It was found that women had ſo long been unaccuſtomed to the "muzzle of reſtraint," that any new attempt to reduce them to obedience could only be followed by diſaſter and defeat.

defeat. The beauties of Bond-ſtreet took alarm at the bare mention of the idea, and Lady Lucy Termagant declared with ſomething very like an oath, that ſhe would ſooner die outright, than ſuffer her inſignificant huſband to aſſume the reins of government, after having detained him in ſubjection upwards of fifteen years. The Age of Silver, or, to ſpeak without a metaphor, the Age of Pleaſure, had continued long enough; and beſides, women of an exalted turn of mind were weary of being either the dolls or the ſlaves of men; they felt the energies of man beat in their boſoms; they vented their complaints at firſt in duodecimo ſighs, and afterwards in quarto upbraidings. Their ſentiments aſſumed a martial form; many even aſpired to the Senate, and the exploits of Semiramis and Thaleſtris were no longer reckoned fabulous. It had formerly been the faſhion for a lady to faint at ſight of a mouſe or a ſpider, and to court the protection of the other ſex by throwing herſelf upon it: it had alſo been cuſtomary to conſider a bluſh as the greateſt ornament of the female cheek; but the very reverſe of this is the caſe at preſent. A faſhionable fair one of the preſent day, ſo far from courting the protection of man, takes ſome young fellow under *her* protection, in order to *bring him out*, as the phraſe is; aſſumes the air and manners of a martial hero; laughs and talks at the opera louder than the performers; toſſes her head, and exhibits her ancle with as much *ſang froid* as any of the *figuranti* on the ſtage:

Dauntleſs her air, her geſture proud,
Her voice theatrically loud,
And maſculine her ſtride.

This third race of beings are in full bloſſom at the preſent period, and as the firſt claſs was called the Iron Age, or the Age of Duty; the ſecond, the Silver Age, or Age of Pleaſure; ſo we may denominate the third, the Brazen Age, or Age of Rights. We ſhall preſently ſee that this latter appellation is by no means improper.

We will here pauſe for a moment, and reflect on the progreſs which the female ſex has gradually made in what ſome people are pleaſed to call civilization. They at firſt, as we have obſerved, adhered to their *Duties*; afterwards, as duty became irkſome, they faſtened on their *Pleaſures*; and now, on a ſudden, a formidable fair has ſtarted up, and profeſſed to teach her ſex their *Rights*. The Rights of Man had already been tried with conſiderable ſucceſs among the refuſe of male ſociety, and ſhe who profeſſed to teach the Rights of Woman, was ſure of finding an audience equally numerous and ſelect among her own ſex. The hint ran like wildfire through the nation; complimentary verſes and melliſluous ſonnets dropped from the pens of the minor poets, girls quitted their ſamplers, houſemaids threw aſide the untwirled mop, and nothing reſounded from ſhore to ſhore but Mary and the Rights of Woman.

This third ſect, I am ſorry to obſerve, daily increaſes in the number of its partizans; the higher ranks teem with theſe independent amazons, who take a box

at

at the theatre in their own name, and drive to the opera without even a boy chaperon to ſave appearances. They will even ride on Sundays in Hyde-Park uneſcorted, and familiarly nod to their male or female acquaintance with as much aſſurance as if they were performing a meritorious action. In literature they wade through every novel that Leaden-hall-ſtreet produces, becauſe they are determined to read every thing as it *comes out*, in defiance of the repeated ſhocks which morals, modeſty, and ſenſe muſt receive from ſuch productions.

I had proceeded thus far with my Lectures, when the entrance of Benignus into my apartment cauſed me to lay down my pen, at the very moment when inability to proceed was about to have the ſame effect. I ſtated my ſituation to him without reſerve, and confeſſed that having ſet out with an intention to create four Ages, I had illuſtrated three of them to my entire ſatisfaction, but felt myſelf ſomewhat puzzled about the fourth. He ſmiled at my dilemma, and, ſeizing the pen I had thrown aſide, produced the following concluſion to this Eſſay:

The all-wiſe Author of the univerſe has ſo diſpoſed it, that real good frequently proceeds from apparent evil; the lightning that "rends the knotted oak," gives new vigour to the atmoſphere, and the ſtorm which beats on the head of the weary traveller imparts fertility to the earth. In like manner, the ſtorms of faction have been known to ſtrengthen and ameliorate Governments, by pointing out their errors, changing their adminiſtrations, and rouſing their ſlumbering energies. If ſuch be the caſe in the natural and political, may we not conclude that the moral world is bound by the ſame law; and that a *fourth* Age is not far diſtant, which moraliſts ſhall hail as a new and glorious epoch in female manners, under the denomination of the *Golden Age*, or *Age of Virtue?* When the rigour of duty, the dalliance of pleaſure, the bold diſplay of philoſophic rights, ſhall not ſingly and excluſively uſurp the female mind, but ſhall each be cleanſed from its impurities, and be inſenſibly mingled in one golden ſtream of Humility, Modeſty, and Wiſdom.

Humour.

A FARMER having ſettled in a country village, on a little farm, gained the eſteem of the whole neighbourhood. The firſt year was hardly expired when he loſt a very fine cow, which was by much the beſt of all his cattle, and he was extremely mortified at it; but this was nothing to the grief which he felt a ſhort time afterwards, when death alſo took away his wife. His neighbours

thought they were obliged to comfort him: Honeſt farmer, (ſaid one of them) do not afflict yourſelf; the wife you have loſt was a good one, it is true, but there is as good to be had;—I have three daughters, for my part; take your choice of them. Lord have mercy upon us (replied the farmer) it is better to loſe one's wife than one's cow: My wife is hardly three hours dead, and here are half a dozen people already offering to ſupply her place for me; but when my cow died, the devil a one ſpoke of giving me another.

A SEAMAN'S COOLNESS.

A SAILOR who was amazed by the tricks of a juggler, at Cheſter, was blown up with the reſt of the auditory, by a ſpark of a candle reaching ſome gunpowder in the lower apartments. Jack was ſoftly landed in a cabbage-garden at ſome diſtance, and when he had quietly re-ſeated himſelf, his firſt exclamation was, "D—mme, what will this fellow do next?"

MR. ———, who, during the late war was ſurgeon of the Namur, aſking one of his patients how he did,—the ſeaman anſwered, "Thank GOD, I am quite recovered. What, you thank God, do you, you d——d ſcoundrel, ſaid the ſurgeon; I'll learn you to thank God! and began beating him. You d——d raſcal, you ought to thank me, not God; for it was I that cured you!

MANDEVILLE, in his Fable of the Bees, ſeems to have formed a whimſical notion of what were, *in his time*, the requiſites to make a *judge*, for, he ſays, any tolerable lawyer, not notorious for diſhoneſty, is always fit to be judge as ſoon as he is old, and ſufficiently ſerious *to go through his buſineſs with a grave face.*

A WHITE man meeting an Indian aſked him, "Whoſe Indian are you?" to which the copper-faced genius replied, "I am God Almighty's Indian; whoſe Indian are you?"

THE epithets and figures that ſome people make uſe of in telling a ſtory, are truly ridiculous and laughable. A perſon once related what had happened to him in the following words: "I was croſſing a large field, and when I came pretty near the middle, a bull followed me, and roared like thunder. I flew like lightning to keep out of his clutches; and being in a tedious hurry in getting over the ſtile, I tore my breeches as if heaven and earth were coming together."

THE following curious anecdote is related of Buonaparte in one of our London Papers:—When the Count d'Antraigues was arreſted in Italy, his papers diſcloſed the correſpondence that exiſted between Pichegru and the Prince of Condé; and the Count was examined at Milan by Buonaparte. In the courſe of their converſation, M. d'Antraigues obſerved, that from the nature of things, France would be obliged to revert to a *monarchy*. "At any rate," replied Buonaparte, "if the monarchy is re-eſtabliſhed, it will not be done by a ſerjeant of artillery—but *by men like you and me.*"

Poetry.

An ODE *to the* UNION, *as recited by the* AMERICAN ROSCIUS* *at various* THEATRES *on the* CONTINENT.

WRITTEN BY ANTHONY PASQUIN.

CHARM'D by the radiance of ſome vernal day,
And yielding all to wonder and to fame;
Th' aſpiring Eagle dares his firſt eſſay,
And wantons, trembling in the etherial beam!
Thus, thus COLUMBIA, by her wrongs inſpir'd,
The dread exploſion of her vengeance hurl'd:
By Magnanimity and Freedom fir'd,
As Sorrow ſhrunk, contracted in her fears!
As Conſanguinity diſſolv'd in tears!
She brav'd the ills of war's afflictive hour;
She burſt the fetters of her infant power;
And roſe among the nations of the world!

Seraphic Nymph, immaculate and fair;
On either cheek Idalian roſes blow;
On either lip the honied rubies glow;
Thus ſeem'd *Minerva* with her golden hair!
To her the eccſtacies of ſound belong,
She hails the numbers of the lyric ſong;
With modeſt temperature of mind,
She lives to think, and thinking is refin'd;
Modeſty is bliſs concealing,
Impudence is want of feeling.

Her winning accents, like the *Theban* boy,
Withheld perdition from the ways of men;
Uprais'd the ſumptuous mart and gave a race to Joy:
They wrap'd the brindled Tygreſs in her den,
As her bald, gaſping, faſcinated young,
Dropt from the clammy nipple where they'd gorg'd and hung!

To her adheres the tributary main;
The tawny Heathens of the weſtern woods,
Who ſkirt *Obio's* banks and *Niagara's* floods,
At her ſuperior beheſt engage,
Or looſe the ſhuddering victim of their rage;
Inter the *calamet* with ſhouts and ceaſe t' inſult the ſlain!

Fluſh'd with the luſtihood of ardent truth,
She looks the guileleſs intimate of Truth;
Like the rare Phenix, with a peerleſs grace,
She's riſen from the aſhes of her race.

The wild probation of her realm is o'er;
That iron epoch is no more; *Bellona's*

* Mr. HODGKINSON.

Bellona's paralyſing blaſt,
Which ſtunn'd creation with its direful note,
Diſeaſing every organ that it ſmote,
Is periſh'd and is paſt:
The jocund ſwains reſume their *Doric* reed,
'Mid Beauty's odours on the gariſh mead,
With generous emanation glow,
And abrogate—*the memory of woe!*
Who ſhall bedim her manumitting courſe?
Nor MALEDICTIVE FRAUD, nor SACRILEGIOUS FORCE!
Thrice happy land, ſuperlatively bleſt,
The ſeat of irreſiſtleſs Mirth:
Though youngeſt daughter of the earth,
Who, laſt enfranchis'd, art the beſt;
Bland as the origin of light,
She unadulterate, met the ſocial ſight:
Emerging, blazoning in a golden hour,
While more antique diviſions of the earth,
Diſmantled by the retinue of Dearth,
Were fell'd beneath a ſurreptitious power:
Time never wrap'd her in a gothic web;
The tide of her ideas knew no ebb:
To Nature's ſimple inſtitutes reſign'd,
She met the duty that another ſought,
From all the hallow'd decalogue has taught,
And mark'd it on the tablet of her mind;
Towards grave Philology her younglings grew,
By briefer means than proud *Europa* knew:
Emaciate Sloth and her *Lethean* train,
Elude the redolent domain:
Her ſinewy ſons exacted what they will'd,
The loom gave raiment, and the glebe was till'd:
Nectarious cluſters mellow'd in the blaze,
They rov'd unconſcious of Pollution's toys;
Their Sabbath came, the period of their joys:
And labour dulcified their ſylvan days:
They ſcoop'd the bark to furrow trackleſs ſeas;
They hew'd an alley for the vagrant breeze:
Their active morals ſoften'd Fancy's dream:
They cut meanders for the guſhing ſtream:
They thinn'd the matted foreſt, on whoſe boughs,
The famiſh'd vulture, and the falcon ſcowl'd,
And the hoarſe raven murmur'd *Hecate*'s vows;
Unhous'd the worm who ſlavers to defile,
Rear'd golden ſheaves where lurching panthers prowl'd,
And made the ruſſet heath and plaſhy lowland ſmile!
Her growing being knew no feudal ſpell;
The ſeeds of Reaſon on her glebe were ſown;
The legend of the Monk was never known;
Her ear was unannoy'd by Superſtition's bell.

'Tis thine to guard her from the tooth of Shame;
'Tis thine to conſecrate her civic fame;
Be juſt in principle—in action kind,
BID SCIENCE MINGLE WITH THE PUBLIC MIND;
Let not Opinion moulder Wiſdom's baſe,
Or BESTIAL IGNORANCE, ſo dire, ſo free,
Deform the ſtatutes of Urbanity,

Or ſlur the placid lineaments of Grace!
Away with Vanity's deluſive theme,
The Bigot's dogma, and the Sophiſt's dream:
With partial good Humanity ſhould reſt,
'Tis not in Nature to be wholly bleſt—

Say, ſhall COLUMBIA be deſpoil'd by knaves?
Say, ſhall her manly progeny be ſlaves?
Hence, ye Profane, to leſs abundant climes,
She ſhall not be polluted with your crimes;
Thoſe ills the *Parthian* and the *Goth* have done,
Perturbed *Gallia* now become your own;
O'er proſtrate empires thy all-ſhivering deeds,
Like Demolition's ruthleſs lightning, ran:
Lo, the pale Veſtal at her altar bleeds,
You've poiſon'd all the philoſophic ſprings,
Made recreant Dread apologize for Kings,
And ſtain'd the nobleſt cauſe that ever influenc'd man!
Thy brittle laws, like phantoms of the brain,
Are ſcarce coeval with the flaſh of thought;
They riſe, like Gorgons, reproducing pain,
Yet ere we aſcertain they are—*they're nought!*
The *Talmud* and the *Sybil*'s auguring page,
The hymn of Iſrael—the Apoſtle's lore,
Commix in fading embers on thy ſhore,
The ſad memorial of an impious rage!
Tremendous nation, from thy clotted fanes,
Unholy incenſe to the breeze is given;
Meek angels flit o'er Clemency's remains;
Thy gorgeous villanies have anger'd heav'n!

Where ſhall the wretched reſt, when God's denied?
Where is the recompenſe of moral pride?
Say, is it wiſe to reimbitter life,
T' abſorb the ſentiment in Miſery's gloom!
They've wounded Faith who ſmooth'd the fang of Strife,
They've murder'd Hope who lur'd us to the tomb!
Who can behold the pregnant ſeaſons roll;
The undulation of the fecund tide:
The Tempeſt laſhing *Hecla*'s rugged ſide;
The planetary atoms fall and riſe,
And all the varied wonders of the ſkies,
Then aſk—*if there's a Soul?*

'Twas not the energy of hoſts like theſe,
Subdued the fierce *Arſacides;*
Who made the vile luxuriant Aſian feel,
The weight of Valor's arm—the probing of his ſteel;
Who cleft the brawny *Scythian*'s maſſy creſt:
Who made the votive *Carthagenian* yield;
Who gor'd the ſtern *Numidian*'s ample breaſt,
And won the trembling globe at *Zama*'s blood-waſh'd field! [mould,
But men like you *(pointing to the Volunteers)* all warm from Manhood's
Erect and hardy, agile, true and bold:
To every thing, in Friendſhip's guiſe, a friend,
Prompt to forgive, *but eager to defend!*

Should ſtricken Liberty her aims impart,
Her gallant legions would indignant hear,
Repel the inſidious elements of Fear, And

And every nerve draw vigour from the heart :
Who, for th' ignoble privilege to breathe,
  Would give his race to penalties and pains ?
Who, *to exiſt*, would bear the yoke and writhe ?
  'Twere better not to be, than be—*in chains !*
  Imperial Liberty on mountains bred,
  By Jove illumin'd, and by ſages fed :
For thee, immortal maid, for thee we live ;
  Thou art the firm *Palladium* of our State,
  The moſt illuſtrious donative of Fate,
Who giving thee, has little elſe to give !
  Oh, freight us with thy *calm* deſire ;
  Exalt our ſpirits with celeſtial fire ;
Oft have I ſeen thee buxom and ſublime,
  Bathing thy ſandals in *Aurora*'s dew :
Or ſcudding, vigilant, with palſied Time,
    To gather all he knew :
Till the ſoft ſighs of myriads touch'd thy ear,
Then haſt thou hurried o'er the ſtormy deep,
    To extirpate Deſpair ,
Slew the Leviathan of regal power ;
Diſpell'd the dark'ning Demon of the hour,
And bade the ſorrows of a region ſleep !
Leſs bounded thy dominion's known,
  Than *Circe*'s clew of grief :
Or *Nepthe*'s necromantic zone :
  Or *Cyprus*' maddening chief :
The ſolace of the univerſe is thine ;
  You ope the *calices* in *Flora*'s vales ;
  You feed the odour of the ſpicy gales,
And amplify the burthen of the mine—
  Tranſcendant nymph, ineffably you ſeem,
  More pure than *Dian* in the virgin ſtream !
She yields her document with Spartan pride,
  Yet as the heaven-caught bounty flows,
  The liberal boſom feels, and feeling glows,
And he has liv'd too long, who lives to be denied !
  Give us, to ſhun the points of wrong,
  Alcides' ſtrength, and Virtue's ſong ;
Be Charity's beheſt our own ;
  Exceſſive Freedom has herſelf o'erthrown,
  In the vaſt latitude of active right,
  Let Retroſpection harmonize our might ;
Admit th' egregious to their ſavage will,
  The progreſs of their ſupplicated joy,
  Would but the more diffuſively deſtroy,
And every cauſe would be a ſovereign ill !

  Ah ! what is man, that he ſhould thus forego
  The harmony of Peace, for variegated Woe ?
  But, in the mental fury toſt,
  The voice of Science and of Senſe is loſt ;
  Abhorrent PARTY, rankling, foul and thin,
  Cimmerian monſter—delegate of Sin ;
  Inflaming aught, that Lovelineſs diſtreſſes :
  Noxious as *Meduſæan* treſſes ;
She belches forth her peſtilential curſe ;
  Envenoms that ſhe would deſpiſe,
To render what is pitiable, worſe ;

She vilifies the ſource of attic pleaſure,
And all the ethics of the ſainted wiſe,
Though by *Apollo* ſung in poliſh'd meaſure!
Ambition's wayward, unreſtricted throng,
Are ever violent and wrong:
In age ſophiſticate; infuriate in youth,
Disjointing all the conſonance of Truth:
Rebellowing axioms of the elder Muſe;
Hating that excellence they would infuſe:
Ting'd by remorſe, and reddening as they do,
Yet ſeeking other inſtances to rue:
Abjuring worthineſs for that which ſeems,
Yielding realities for dreams;
From him who legiſlates to him who delves,
Yet in offence offending moſt themſelves!!!
Rapture betrays us, by thoſe means we ſought:
By Ruin oft her amulet's diſplay'd:
The flattering Sorcereſs triumphs in our thought,
Like the gay viſions of a love-ſick maid!
As wily Treachery prepares,
Beneath the perfum'd herb her reptiles and her ſnares:
Though life can little more imply,
Than all are——born to die!
Though ages roll their complex miſeries on:
Though the brain's tubes in agony diſtend:
Though torments multiply thoſe torments end,
In one oblivious moment there are none!

Though pallid Obloquy, with ceaſeleſs hate,
Aſſails the fathers of your brilliant State:
The great and good have ever been malign'd,
Such is the vice and weakneſs of our kind!
Though Sympathy ſhould elegance impart,
'Tis Paſſion deſolates the heart:
Madneſs can ſully Health's tranſlucent rill;
Yet ſhall the fountain waſh the ſtreamlet clear,
And as the parent waters make the truth appear,
The iſſue proves the folly of the ill!
He, who t' elude his Reputation's death,
Relies upon a co-eſſential breath,
Which Adulation warms and Envy chills,
As Meanneſs or as Madneſs wills,
Is not in act or faculty ſupreme;
But ſome vile worm that grovels in the duſt;
The paragon of Fear—the ſcorn of the auguſt
Suppreſs'd beneath eſteem!
The MAN to heaven and honour true,
Diſdains the rude, inſane, tumultuous crew:
And even Guilt beguiles;
He elevates his laurell'd head,
Unconſcious or of infamy or dread,
And, mid the conflicts of the whirlwind, ſmiles;
Inconſtant Fortune, who with cruel joy,
Is ſeldom pleas'd but to deſtroy,
Cannot impreſs his ſoul,
He ſoars above her ire—he baffles her control!
Like the vaſt orb, he cheers the ſocial way;
Though thunders roll about his mighty frame,
He journies unappall'd—is ſtill the ſame,

And fills the miſſion of his glorious day!
Rich, in his intellect, he ſpurns,
Gabinian veſtments and Egyptian urns;
The thorny diadem—the fragile rod—
Purpureal robe and autocratic nod;
Integrity becalms him into reſt;
They cannot ſhake the portal of his breaſt:
As Cato thought, he thinks—he treads as Cato trod,
With temperate dignity his judgment teems,
Virtue, like Spring, is gladden'd 'tween extremes,
An honeſt man, *Is only leſs than God!*

THE FASHIONABLE REVIEW. No. I.

O, FASHION, now a goddeſs, now a fiend,
At whoſe levee, pride, folly, vice, attend;
The beau by inſtinct, and the fair from choice,
The wiſe from prudence, all unite their voice,
To give their ſanction to thy varying laws,
And aid, whate'er it be, the *common cauſe*,
To learn by lecture in thy lunar ſchool,
What's wiſdom's hobby, and what apes the fool:
To thee my monthly muſe ſhall tune her lays,
Expoſe thy follies, and thy virtues praiſe.

Before my eye, a frightful form appears,
The faſhion-tortur'd belle of former years;
Her petticoat by hoops diſtended wide,
Whate'er 't conceals, diſplays a taſteleſs pride;
Her inſect waiſt, begirt by whale-bone ſtays,
Declares, O Faſhion, thy triumphant days.
Above that pale, or painted thing call'd head,
From which good ſenſe, and artleſs charms have fled,
As though to mock the monſtrous ſize below,
See folly, in a *roll*, her climax ſhow.

Away the ſight! indignant nature cries;
A fairer object now invites our eyes.
The coldeſt ſtoic viewing muſt approve,
Nor while approving could withhold his love.
'Tis ſweet Florilla, dreſs'd in *faſhion new*;
The ſubject ſuch, what bard would not *review?*
Taught by benevolence, not pride to pleaſe,
Her mind itſelf is innocence and eaſe:
Emblems of both, her flowing robes diſplay,
All that is gaily neat, and ſimply gay;
And while her garb the pearly neck reveals,
Nor pride diſplays what modeſty conceals.
Untaught by faſhion's ſickly ſlaves, by ſtealth,
To bluſh becauſe her cheeks declare her health,
With conſcious pride, ſhe owns the ruddy grace,
By nature painted on her beauteous face.

Thus ſenſe and taſte their mutual aid impart,
Art aiding nature, nature aiding art,

Till in Columbia's modern fair we find,
All that can pleaſe the eye, or pleaſe the mind,
Till female worth its proper empire gains,
And reaſon, ſpite of tyrant cuſtom reigns.

If this be faſhion, then, my country's fair,
Confirm her reign, and ſtill be what you are.
But ſhould ſome gaunt old damſel's fickle taſte,
With whale-bone barricade inveſt her waiſt,
And ſwear, though long by lover's arms unbleſt,
In ſpite of charms decay'd, ſhe will be preſs'd,
Though peereſs flaunting in St. James's hall,
Or faſhion's plenipo, a *London Doll*,
Diſdain the ſight—whate'er her rank or age,
Let fools alone, the fool in faſhion's page.

" CRITON."

THE POET's COMPLAINT,

A SONNET, *addreſſed to the* SONNET-WRITERS *of the preſent day.*

" O imitatores, ſervum pecus !"—HOR.

DISTRACTING thoughts my morning hours employ ;
Bailiffs and duns my wary ſteps purſue ;
The county's maſſy bars ſtart up to view,
And thoughts of durance vile my peace deſtroy.

Then comes the hour, to ſome of ſweet repaſt,
When ſocial comfort mars the drooping ſoul,
Me a large brood, and ſcolding wife control,
And ſoon the noiſy, ſcanty meal is paſt.

Thank Heaven, at laſt, both brats and wife a bed,
I quaff the ſmoaking pot ; ah ! ſweet regale,
And from my pipe the fragrant weed inhale,
While circling eddies play around my head.
Then ſmile at fate, who doom'd me thus to chooſe,
A wife prolific, and a barren muſe.

SMELLFUNGUS.

An EPIGRAM *on a* WINE-MERCHANT, *and very applicable to many of the* FRATERNITY *in all Nations.*

THE vileſt of compounds while Balderdaſh vends,
And brews his dear poiſon for all his good friends ;
No wonder they never can get him to dine :
He's afraid they'd oblige him to—*drink his own wine !*

A SUMMARY STATEMENT *of* DOMESTIC POLITICS *and* OCCURRENCES *for the laſt* MONTH.

THE commencement of this month was marked by a continuation of that ſorrow, for the loſs of General WASHINGTON, which is ſo pecularly honourable to the nation; and the general obſervance of the 22d inſt. as ordered by Government, for a national day of faſting and prayer, was ſignificant of the veneration of the people for the founder of their liberties, and of their lamentation for his death.

Both Houſes of Congreſs have been arduouſly employed in the great duties of legiſlation, the more prominent of which are the following:

An examination of the cauſes and conſequences of an imputed inſult, committed on the perſon of Mr. *Randolph*, jun. one of the Repreſentatives from the State of Virginia, by two officers belonging to the navy and army: the account was ſtated by the aggrieved perſon, in a letter to the Preſident, and by him tranſmitted for the conſideration of Congreſs. It involved a declaration, That the offence was perpetrated in conſequence of words uttered in a debate in the Houſe of Repreſentatives, derogatory to the dignity of the exiſting military eſtabliſhments. This affair was productive of much ſerious debate, and the reſult was, That a majority of the Houſe did not think ſufficient cauſe appeared to juſtify their interpoſition, on the ground of a breach of privilege.

A Bill paſſed to be enacted to ſuſpend the Act for augmenting the Army of the United States.

A Reſolution was ſubmitted for dividing the North-Weſt Territory into two Governments.

The Second Section of the Act, commonly called the Sedition Law, was repealed.

The rules of the Houſe were ſuſpended, and a Bill introduced for *giving further time to the holders of military warrants to locate and regiſter the ſame.*

The Mint Bill was paſſed.

A written meſſage was received from the Preſident of the United States, in the words following, to wit,

Gentlemen of the Houſe of Repreſentatives,

In conſequence of your requeſt to me, conveyed in your reſolution of the 4th of this month, I directed the Secretary of State to lay before me, copies of the papers intended. Theſe copies, together with his report, I now tranſmit to the Houſe of Repreſentatives, for the conſideration of the members.

JOHN ADAMS.

United States,
Feb. 7, 1800.

The Report from the Secretary of State to the Preſident, contains all the papers relative to the apprehenſion and delivery of *Jonathan Robbins*, who was ultimately executed at Jamaica, in the Weſt Indies, on a charge of murder and piracy.

LEGISLATURE *of* MASSACHUSETTS.

THURSDAY, FEB. 13.

THE Marine Fire and Marine Inſurance Bill paſſed to be engroſſed.

The Tax Bill paſſed to a third reading: the ſum to be raiſed is 153,989 Dollars and 13 Cents.

A Reſolve eſtabliſhing the pay of the Members of the Council, Senate and Houſe paſſed—the ſum is two dollars per day.

The Hon. Theodore Sedgwick, Eſq. was

was elected as Major General of the 9th diviſion (Berkſhire) of militia.

A Bill was re-diſcuſſed for the augmentation of the Governor's ſalary, which was negatived: the ſalary is fixed at eight hundred pounds per year.

The Eighth Maſſachuſetts Turnpike Corporation Bill, paſſed to be engroſſed.

The Ninth Maſſachuſetts Turnpike Corporation Bill, was read a ſecond time, and to-morrow, 3 o'clock, aſſigned for the third reading

The Weight and Meaſure Bill was read a third time, and recommitted for further amendments.

A Bill was received from the Senate to encourage the manufacture of leather, boots, half-boots, ſhoes, pumps, ſandals, flippers and goloſhoes, and to prevent fraud therein, which had paſſed in that body to be engroſſed. The Bill was read twice in the Houſe, and Tueſday next, 12 o'clock, aſſigned for the third reading, and in the mean time committed.

A Committee was appointed to conſider whether any meaſures are neceſſary to be adopted relative to the Hoſpital lately erected on Martha's Vineyard.

A Bill giving a remedy in law againſt the Executors and Adminiſtrators of deceaſed debtors, in joint contracts, paſſed to be engroſſed.

A Bill to incorporate the plantation No. 7, on Union River, into a town by the name of Ellſworth, was read twice, and Tueſday next, 11 o'clock, aſſigned for the third reading, and in the interim committed.

FRIDAY, FEB. 14.

The Bill in addition to the Act incorporating Merrimack Bank, was read twice, and this day, 4 o'clock, aſſigned for the third reading.

The Bill in addition to the Act to prevent the ſpreading of Contagious Sickneſs, paſſed to be engroſſed

A Committee was appointed to bring in a Bill in addition to the Act for preventing common nuiſances.

A Bill, authorizing towns to make bye-laws for reſtraining cattle and horſes from going at large, was read twice, and this day, at 3 o'clock, aſſigned for the third reading.

A Bill was received from the Senate altering the time for holding the Courts of Common Pleas and Seſſions at Portland.

The Ninth Maſſachuſetts Turnpike Corporation Bill, was paſſed to be engroſſed.

The Merrimack Bank Act paſſed to be engroſſed.

The Bill authorizing towns to make laws to reſtrain cattle and horſes from going at large, was paſſed to be engroſſed.

A Bill in addition to the Law for the inſtruction of youth, and for the promotion of good education; was read a firſt time.

Private buſineſs as uſual.

TUESDAY, FEB. 18.

The Merrimack Bank bill came down from the Senate, and paſſed to be engroſſed.

A bill to encourage the manufacture of leather boots, half boots, pumps, ſandals, flippers and goloſhoes; and to prevent frauds therein; paſſed to be engroſſed.

A committee on the ſale of Eaſtern Lands, was raiſed.

A bill in addition to an Act, intitled, an Act eſtabliſhing a Supreme Judicial Court within this Commonwealth, was read a third time, and paſſed to be engroſſed.

A bill for eſtabliſhing a Municipal Town Court, in the town of Boſton, paſſed to a third reading.

A bill for the due regulation of Weights and Meaſures, paſſed to be engroſſed.

Bills incorporating certain plantations in the diſtrict of Maine, into towns by the names of Orland, Ellſworth, and Rumford, have paſſed various ſtages.

Meſſrs. Lowell, Smith, and Ruſſell, of Boſton, were appointed a Committee to anſwer the invitations of the Academy of Arts and Sciences;—the Preſident and Board of Truſtees of the Mechanic Aſſociation; and the Preſident, Profeſſors and Tutors of Harvard Univerſity; that the Houſe would attend Solemnities in memory of General WASHINGTON, and to inform them the preſſure of public buſineſs prevented their accepting thoſe invitations.

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19.

A new militia bill was brought down from the Senate, read, and to-morrow 11 o'clock appointed for the ſecond reading.

The new annual Tax Bill paſſed to be enacted.

A bill to regulate the manufacture of nails within this Commonwealth, and repeal all laws heretofore made, was read, and to-morrow, 11 o'clock appointed for the ſecond reading.

The Eighth Turnpike Corporation Bill paſſed to be enacted.

The additional Judiciary Bill paſſed to be enacted.

A report was received relative to the Hoſpital at Martha's Vineyard, and concurred in.

A new bill to regulate the manufacture of nails, paſſed to be engroſſed.

The additional bill providing for the Inſtruction of Youth paſſed to be engroſſed.

The bill for encouraging the manufacture of leather, boots, &c. paſſed to be enacted.

The additional Militia Bill paſſed to be engroſſed.

The Boſton Municipal Court Bill paſſed to be engroſſed.

SATURDAY, FEB. 22.

A Committee was appointed to conſider when the Legiſlature may have a receſs.

MONDAY, FORENOON, FEB. 24.

The additional Bill for enforcing the ſpeedy payment of rates, &c. paſſed to be enacted.

An order paſſed that no petion preſented after this day, ſhould be ſuſtained the preſent ſeſſion.

A new Bill providing for the Public Worſhip of God, was received from the Senate, where it had paſſed to be engroſſed. Read, and this day, 4 o'clock, aſſigned for the ſecond reading.

The Bill directing the inſpection of butter, was read a ſecond time, and to-morrow, 3 o'clock aſſigned for the third reading; and in the interim it was committed to a ſpecial committee.

The following is the amount of the Exports from the United States, to foreign Countries and their Dependencies, for one Year, ending the 30th Sept. 1799.

To Ruſſia,	46,030
To Pruſſia,	617,046
To Sweden,	733,597
To Denmark, &c.	4,348,839
To United Netherlands,	5,851,503
To Great-Britain,	26,546,987
To Germany,	105,647
To the Hans Town,	17,144,400
To France,	2,780,504
To Spain,	17,421,402
To Portugal,	857,731
To Morocco,	48,000
To Italy,	1,157,212
To China and the Eaſt-Indies, generally,	595,249
To Africa generally,	234,396
To Europe generally,	11,818
To the N. W. America,	72,941
Total,	78,665,522

Of this ſum, 45,523,000 dollars reſpects articles of foreign growth or production.

A ſummary of the value of the Exports from each State.

From	New-Hampſhire,	361,889
	Maſſachuſetts,	11,421,591
	Vermont,	20,480
	Rhode-Iſland,	1,055,273
	Connecticut,	1,143,818
	New-York,	18,719,527
	New-Jerſey,	9,722
	Pennſylvania,	12,431,967
	Delaware,	297,065
	Maryland,	16,299,609
	Virginia,	6,292,986
	North-Carolina,	485,921
	South-Carolina,	8,729,015
	Georgia,	1,396,759
	Dollars	78,665,522

EUROPEAN

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

VERY few articles of importance have reached this country from Europe, in the courſe of this month, which is the more to be regretted, as all ſociety is pregnant with alarm and expectation, relative to the conſequences of the laſt revolution in France.

One of the moſt prominent principles of the authors of the revolution in France, was, that a republican Conſtitution ought to organize the legiſlature with a ſingle houſe or branch. This was the favourite theme of Mr. Turgot, which gave riſe to the learned and profound diſcuſſion of the ſubject of Conſtitutions, by Mr. Adams, now Preſident of the United States, publiſhed in his defence of the Conſtitutions of the United States. Dr. Franklin had adopted the ſame principle, partly, perhaps, from the long and obſtinate conteſt between the proprietaries of Pennſylvania and the aſſembly, before the American revolution; and partly from his intimacy with the men in France, who had imbibed the doctrine from ſpeculation. This doctrine Dr. Franklin maintained until his death; his influence introduced the principle into the firſt Conſtitution of Pennſylvania, after the revolution; and although he aſſented to the preſent Conſtitution of the United States, yet ſoon after that inſtrument was completed, he obſerved to the writer, "That he could not ſee the neceſſity of two branches in the legiſlature; but as he had, in the courſe of a long life, found occaſion very often to change his opinions, from a conviction that they were wrong, he had become leſs confident of his opinions, and freely yielded to the ſenſe of a majority againſt him."

It is well known, that in 1799, the State of Pennſylvania formed a new Conſtitution, and divided the legiſlature into two branches. This change muſt have proceeded from a general conviction of the expedience or neceſſity of ſuch a diviſion, and was an excellent eulogy on the doctrines of Mr. Adams, in oppoſition to his antagoniſt.

The firſt managers of the reform in France, determined to make a grand experiment, to ſhow the world the excellence of a democratic legiſlature, conſiſting of one branch. For the purpoſes of deſtroying the clergy and nobility, it was neceſſary to form the firſt national convention into a ſingle houſe. It was a bold meaſure, but deciſive. On the policy of the meaſure we ſhall not dilate; but after that buſineſs was executed, the legiſlative body ſhould have been ſeparated into diſtinct branches, which might have checked and controlled each other.

PARIS, DEC. 12.

NEW CONSTITUTION OF FRANCE.

Buonaparte aſſembled at the Conſular Palace, on the 8th of December, the two legiſlative commiſſions. Roger Ducas took the chair.

Dannou read the plan of the New Conſtitution, of which we have hitherto collected only imperfect fragments.

The diſcuſſion was calm, and every way worthy of ſo great a cauſe. They firſt diſcuſſed it in whole, and then article by article.

Some of the articles were ſtrongly combated, but they were carried by a great majority; others were rejected; and it was here that Buonaparte manifeſted his wonderful powers; for, after having collected all the opinions for and againſt an article, he commented on the argument advanced, and concluded by bringing the majority to agree to the propoſitions which he made.

The aſſembly did not ſeparate till 7 o'clock next morning, and the eſtimable Dannou was appointed to digeſt the alterations which were made; and the act will be made public in a few days.

Citizen Rœderer has now lifted up another corner of the curtain that concealed the New Conſtitution. The following is the ſketch which he gives of the public eſtabliſhment:

Legiſlative Power.

There is to be a Council of State, to propoſe laws; which Council of State conſtitutes part of the Executive Power. For the diſcuſſion of theſe propoſed

ed laws, there is a Tribunate, or a ſelect body of the Repreſentatives of the people; and a Legiſlative body to decide upon the propoſitions after they have been diſcuſſed or aſſented to.

"The Legiſlative Body is to conſiſt of 300 members; the Tribunate of 100; and the Council of State of 30.

Executive Power.

"There is to be a Firſt or Principal Conſul, inveſted with power to appoint and remove Miniſters, Generals, Ambaſſadors, and Counſellors of State. There are to be two other Conſuls, to diſcuſs public matters in concert with the Firſt Conſul. They are to have but a conſultive voice; their perſons are inviolable. They are named for ten years; they may be re-elected; they will have a guard. The Grand Conſul will have 500,000 francs of ſalary. There are, beſides, two Councils of State, the one for the Department of Foreign Affairs, and the other for the Home Department. This latter Council will have the initiative. It will have alſo to judge and decide on litigated queſtions in the Department of the Admiralty. Such is the Government.

"The adminiſtration is confined,

"1. To Miniſters, or Councils of Adminiſtration, ſuch as the Admiralty.

"2. To Adminiſtrations of Committees of 20 ſquare Myriametres, aſſiſted by commiſſioners to be named by the Conſuls.

"3. To intermediate Burcaus, charged only with the tranſmiſſion of the orders of the Miniſters to the Communal Adminiſtrations and of the reports of the execution of the orders by the Adminiſtrative, as well as of Petitions and Appeals of the People to the Miniſters, from the acts of the Adminiſtrative Bodies.

"The Conſular acts muſt be ſigned by a Miniſter before they can be executed. The Miniſters are reſponſible, each in his department, for the execution of Conſular Acts, which ſhall be contrary to the law, and for the non-execution of Conſular Acts agreeably to the Law.

Judicial Power.

"It ſhall be afterwards organized by the Conſtitutional means eſtabliſhed for the formation of the laws.

Conſervative Power.

"There is to be a body of from 80 to 100 members elected for life. They muſt have a qualification in land rental of 25000 francs a year. They name themſelves to vacancies in their own body. A perſon muſt be forty years of age to be admiſſible. This body ſhall exerciſe various functions:

"1. They elect the members of the *Legiſlative Body* and the *Tribunate*, and take them from the liſt of the Notables of the nation, or elected out of the third degree.

"2. They ſhall pronounce on the unconſtitutional acts committed by the inviolable bodies of the legiſlative or executive Powers.

"3. They ſhall exerciſe the right of cenſure on the liſt of the Notables of the nation, which they may every year reduce one hundredth part.

"4. They are, or they may probably become, a *grand jury* to try the crimes of High Treaſon, imputed to the great reſponſible Functionaries.

"The Conſuls, in going out of office, or on giving their reſignation, ſhall enter of right into the Conſervative Body.

"The manner in which the Conſervative Power ſhall fill up vacancies in their own body, is—three candidates ſhall be preſented to them; one by the Grand Conſul, one by the Legiſlative Body, and one by the Tribunate.

"The Grand Conſul will alone be lodged at the Luxembourgh: the two others in the palace of the 500. The Tribunate and the Senate in the pavilion of the Thuilleries. The Conſervative Jury at the Louvre, in the place of the Inſtitute, and the Inſtitute in the buildings of the Sarbonne. The invalids will be transferred to Verſailles, and every thing that belongs to the miniſtry at war, ſuch as the Etats-Major, the Adminiſtration, &c. &c.

"On the 22d inſt. (the 13th Dec.) the legiſlative body will be aſſembled, and on the 27th the Conſtitution will be officially tranſmitted to the Departments."

It is ſaid, a Congreſs for the purpoſe of negociating a European peace, is to meet within the Pruſſian Territory.

BOSTON, Feb. 1800.

MARRIAGES.

AT *New-Ipſwich*, David Everett, Eſq. attorney at law in this town, to Miſs Dolly Appleton, of the former place.

In this town, by the Rev. Dr. Stillman, Mr. Silas Wright, to Miſs Sukey Stearns.

Capt. William Cooke, to Miſs Hannah Orcutt.

Mr. Joſeph Allen, merchant, to Mrs. Eliza Gordon.

Mr. Daniel Warner, of Hopkinton, to Miſs Betſey Homer, of this town.

By the Rev. Dr. Thacher, Hon. Daniel Newcomb, of Keene, to Mrs. Hannah Goldthwait.

Mr. Thomas Howe, to Mrs. Mary Roſs.

Sunday, Jan. 12. By the Rev. Dr. Walter, Mr. P. A. Von Hagen, to Miſs Lucy Ballard, both of this town.

By the Rev. Mr. Emerſon, Mr. Andrew Page, to Miſs Catherine Cary.

At *Cambridge*, Caleb Gannett, Eſq. to Miſs Ruth Stiles, daughter of the late Preſident Stiles.

At *Waltham*, Mr. Thomas Hunt, of Medford, to Miſs Mary Soren, formerly of Boſton.

At *Salem*, Capt. Addiſon Richardſon, to Mrs. Otis Blanchard.

Capt. Melatiah Bourne, of Boſton, to Miſs Ruth Lambert, of Scituate.

At *Brookfield*, Mr. Ebenezer Meriam, printer, to Miſs Sally Hitchcock.

At *Shrewſbury*, Benjamin Stone, A. M. to Miſs Sally Fairbanks, of Northborough.

Dr. Zephaniah Jennings, of Hardwick, to Miſs Martha Eddy, of Shrewſbury, daughter of Capt. Eddy.

At *Concord*, by the Rev. Mr. Ripley, Samuel Thacher, Eſq. attorney at law, of Warren, diſtrict of Maine, to Miſs Sally Broon, of the former place.

The Rev. Lincoln Ripley, of Waterford, to Miſs Phebe Emerſon, ſecond daughter of the late W. Emerſon, of the former place.

At *Montville*, Mr. William Goff, aged 88, to Miſs Iſabella Bowles, aged 75.

At *New-York*, Dr. S. I. Lewis, to Miſs Elizabeth Jones, daughter of Dr. Gardner Jones.

At *Brunſwick*, Dr. Jonas B. Parker, to Miſs Mary Bowman, of Dreſden, only daughter of the Hon. Jonathan Bowman, Eſq.

At *Franklin*, Mr. Seth Bacon, aged 70, to Miſs Hitty Morſe, aged 47—after 21 years of courtſhip. Perhaps, better late than never.

DEATHS.

IN this town, Dr. W. Boyd, aged 23. He early diſcovered a thirſt for literature. In the vigour of expectation, he has fallen a ſacrifice to his zeal for profeſſional and literary excellence.

Mrs. Margaret Goodale, conſort of Nathan Goodale, Eſq. Humanity, benevolence and charity, were ſtriking traits in her character through life; having been much beloved, her death is greatly lamented by all who knew her.

Capt. Henry Swan, aged 66.

Mrs. Elizabeth H. Williams, aged 18.

Mr. Joſeph Sprague, aged 45.

Of a conſumption, Miſs Sally Randall, aged 16, daughter of Mr. Robert Randall, of this town.

Mrs. Mary Davis, wife of Mr. William Davis, merchant, aged 78.

Mr. James Dakin, aged 30.

Mr. John Weare, aged 71 years,—having been many years in the ſervice of the town, though in a humble ſtation, generally known, and as generally regarded as an honeſt man.

Miſs

Miſs Nancy Smith, aged 84.

Mr. Zebulon Sylveſter, aged 40.

Mrs. Anna Jones, aged 40.

Mrs. Rebecca Bowes, after a ſhort illneſs.

Very ſuddenly, Mr. John Skillin, carver, aged 54.

Mr. George Spriggs, aged 47.

Mrs. Hephzibah Dimmock, wife of Mr. John Dimmock, goldſmith.

Mrs. Abigail Bender, aged 81.

Miſs Mary Roſs, aged 30.

Mrs. Mary Auſtin, aged 90. She was a pious and exemplary Chriſtian.

Mr. Edward Read, aged 46.

After a few days' illneſs, John Winthrop, Eſq. in the 53d year of his age, an eminent merchant of this town.

Maſter Alexander Revere, jun. aged 16.

Mrs. Mary Hill, aged 79.

Mr. Moſes Newhall, aged 24.

Mrs. Hannah Rouſe, aged 63.

After a lingering ſickneſs, Mrs. Sarah Rogers, aged 59, widow of the late William Rogers, of this town.

Mr. Richard Montgomery Adams, aged 21.

At *Cambridge*, Mrs. Ruth Prentiſs, wife of Henry Prentiſs, aged 45.

Widow Sarah Warland, aged 73.

At *Medford*, Mrs. Suſannah Hall, aged 63, wife of Eben. Hall, Eſq.

At *Dorcheſter*, Maſter James Clap, aged 18, ſon to Mr. Samuel Clap.

At *Milton*, Capt. Hugh Mc.Lean, aged 78.

At *Hingham*, David Cuſhing, Eſq.

At *Portſmouth*, Mrs. Mary Clough, aged 46.

At *Plymouth*, very ſuddenly, and greatly lamented, Mrs. Irene Thomſon, aged 53, ſiſter of the late Rev. Dr. Robbins.

Miſs Catharine Thacher, of the dropſy in her head, aged 3 years.

At *Dartmouth*, very ſuddenly, widow Elizabeth Gifford, in the 78th year of her age. She walked the room about an hour previous to her deceaſe.

At *Brookfield*, Mrs. Anna Olds, aged 76.

At *Hartford*, Mrs. Ruth Goodwin, aged 96.

At *Pittsfield*, Widow Naomi Hubbard, aged 82. She left 15 children, 83 grand-children, 96 great-grand-children.

At *Groton*, The Hon. James Preſcott, Eſq. aged 80. Chief Juſtice of the Court of Common Pleas for Middleſex county.

At *Somerſworth*, the venerable Judge Rollins.

At *New-Fane*, Maj. Calvin Knowlton.

At *Charleſton*, (S. C.) Jan. 23, His Excellency EDWARD RUTLEDGE, Eſq. Governor and Commander in Chief of South-Carolina.

B. Davis, Eſq.

Mr. Arthur Bryan.

At *New-Haven*, J. Goodrich, Eſq. attorney at law, aged 48, compiler of the Civil Officer's Aſſiſtant.

At *Albany*, Mr. Nathan Lock, formerly of Boſton.

John Oſtrander, jun. Eſq.

At *New-York*, John G. Glover.

At *Philadelphia*, Henry Phillips, merchant.

At *Brunſwick*, Capt. Wm. Stanwood.

At *Londonderry*, Mrs. Wilſon, aged 97. Poſterity moſtly living, 260.

At *Wells*, Mrs. Wells, wife of the Hon. Nathaniel Wells.

At *Granville*, (Con.) Capt. Shem Burbank, aged 63. He went to bed in ſeeming health, and was found a corpſe in the morning. The text of the funeral ſermon, was—"*Boaſt not thyſelf of to-morrow!*"

At *Welfleet*, Capt. Solomon Harding, aged 47.

At *Marlborough*, Jotham Bender, Eſq. attorney at law, aged 28.

SUICIDE.] On the night of the 8th of Feb. Capt. Iſaac Lawrence, of *Weſtport*, after having been miſſing about five hours, was found about midnight, ſuſpended from a tree, with a rope round his neck, within half a mile of his houſe. It was ſuppoſed he had been dead but a ſhort time, when found; and the circumſtances attending this melancholy event, were ſuch as to leave no doubt but he perpetrated the deed with his own hands.